THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2148.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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HOOSIERS POURING INTO CINCINNATI TO ENLIST FOR THE DEFENCE OF THAT CITY.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from the Illustrated News, represents the citizens of Indiana pouring into Cincinnati for the defence of the chief city of their sister state. What will be the result of the rebel movement on Cincinnati, is at the time we pen this, an undetermined question.

THE HOURS OF DARKNESS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Ye shall have a song as in the night, when a holy solemnity is kept." —*Isaiah* XXX., 29.

Go watch while fades the parting day,
The blank and gloomy twilight sky,
Whilst deep'ning grows the sombre gray,
And darkness mocks the failing eye,
How sadly then the shady night,
Like dark funereal pall comes down,
To quench the dim remaining light
Which flints on hill and mountain brown.

But lo! whilst mournful still we gaze,
The lamps of God are grandly lit,
Till stars that flash with million rays,
Like kings on high in glory sit:
Then, then though dark the shaded hour,
We view the worlds unseen by day,
And thank the glooms which give us power
To gaze upon the far away.

Thus with our land, when brightly beamed
The sun of peace o'er land and sea,
Of things on high we seldom dreamed,
Nor bid from earth our thoughts to flee:
But now when glooms so dark, so deep,
Come o'er the face of Union's day,
Through shadows that around us creep,
May issue the immortal ray.

Then humbly through the chast'ning night,
In faith still let us watch afar,
Till comes again that holy light
Thou only giv'st—oh! Morning Star!*
And when rebellion's night is done,
With holier thoughts we'll hail the ray
Which heralds freedom's rising sun,
Cleansed from the spots of yesterday.

FRANK.

* I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and *Morning Star.*—*Rev.* xxii. 16.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

A MOMENT OF DELIRIUM.

The dining-room looked a picture of comfort; and Lionel thought so as he entered. A blaze of light and warmth burst upon him. A well-spread tea-table was there, with cold meat, game and else, at one end of it. Standing before the fire, her young, slender form habited in its black robes, was Sibylla. No one, looking at her, would have believed her to be a widow; partly from her youth, partly that she did not wear the widow's dress. Her head was uncovered, and her fair curls fell, shading her brilliant cheeks. It has been mentioned that her chief beauty lay in her complexion; seen by candle-light, flushed as she was now, she was inexpressibly beautiful. A dangerous hour, a perilous situation for the yet unhealed heart of Lionel Verner.

The bright flush was the result of excitement, of some degree of inward fever. Let us allow that it was a trying time for her. She had arrived to find Mrs. Verner dead, her father absent; she had arrived to find that no provision had been made for her by Mr. Verner's will, as the widow of Frederick Massingbird. Frederick's having succeeded to the inheritance debarred her even of the five hundred pounds. It is true there would be the rents, received for the short time it had been his. There was no doubt that Sibylla, throughout the long voyage, had cherished the prospect of finding a home at Verner's Pride. If her husband had lived, it would have been wholly hers; she appeared still to possess a right in it; and she never gave a thought to the possibility that her aunt would not welcome her to it. Whether she cast a reflection to Lionel Verner in the matter, she best knew; had she reflected properly, she might have surmised that Lionel would be living at it, its master. But—the voyage ended, the home gained—what did she find? That Mrs. Verner was no longer at Verner's Pride, to press the kiss of welcome upon her lips; a few feet of earth was all her home now.

It was a terrible disappointment. There could be no doubt of that. And another disappointment was, to find Dr. West away. Sibylla's sisters had been at times over-strict with her, much as they loved her, and the vision of returning to her old home, to them, was one of bitterness. So bitter, in fact, that she would not glance at its possibility.

Fatigued, low-spirited, feverishly perplexed, Sibylla did not know what she could do. She was not in a state that night to give much care to the future. All she hoped was, to stay in that haven until something else could be arranged for her. Let us give her her due. Somewhat careless, naturally, of the punctilios of life, it never occurred to her that it might not be the precise thing for her to remain, young as she was, the sole guest of Lionel Verner. Her voyage out, her residence in that very unconventional place, Melbourne, the waves and storms which had gone over her there in more ways than one, the voyage back again alone, all had tended to give Sibylla Massingbird an independence of thought; a contempt for the rules and regulations, the little points of etiquette obtaining in civilized society. She really thought no more harm of staying at Verner's Pride with Lionel, than she would have thought it had old Mr. Verner been its master. The eyelashes, resting on her hot cheeks, were wet, as she turned round when Lionel entered.

"Have you taken anything, Mrs. Massingbird?"

"No."

"But you should have done so," he remonstrated, his tone one of the most considerate kindness.

"I did not observe that tea waited," she replied, the covered table catching her eye for the first time. "I have been thinking."

He placed a chair for her before the tea-tray, and she sat down.

"Am I to preside?" she asked.

"If you will. If you are not too tired."

"Who makes tea for you in general?" she continued.

"They send it in, made."

Sibylla busied herself with the tea, in a languid sort of manner. In vain Lionel pressed her to eat. She could touch nothing. She took a piece of rolled bread-and butter, but left it.

"You must have dined on the road, Mrs. Massingbird," he said with a smile.

"I? I have not taken anything all day. I kept thinking 'I shall get to Verner's Pride in time for my aunt's dinner.' But the train arrived later than I anticipated; and when I got here she was gone."

Sibylla bent her head, as if playing with her tea-spoon. Lionel detected the dropping tears.

"Did you wonder where I was going just now, when I went out?"

"I did not know you had been out," replied Sibylla.

"I went to your sisters'. I thought it would be better for them to come here. Unfortunately, I found them gone out; and young Cheese says they will not be home until two in the morning."

"Why, where can they be gone?" cried Sibylla, aroused to interest. It was so unusual for the Miss Weste to be out late.

"To some gathering at Heartburg. Cheese was eating apple-puffs with unlimited satisfaction."

The connection of apple-puffs with Master Cheese, called up a faint smile into Sibylla's face. She pushed her chair away from the table, turning it towards the fire.

"But you surely have not finished, Mrs. Massingbird?"

"Yes, thank you. I have drank my tea. I cannot eat anything."

Lionel rang, and the things were removed. Sibylla was standing before the mantel-piece when they were left alone, unconsciously looking at herself in the glass. Lionel stood near her.

"I have not got a widow's cap," she exclaimed, turning to him, the thought appearing suddenly to strike her. "I had two or three curious things made, that they called widow's caps in Melbourne, but they were spoilt in the voyage."

"You have seen some trouble since you went out," Lionel observed.

"Yes I have. It was an ill-starred voyage. It has been ill starred from the beginning to the end; all of it together."

"The voyage has, you mean?"

"I mean more than the voyage," she replied. But her tone did not invite further question.

"Did you succeed in getting particulars of the fate of John?"

"No. Captain Cannonby promised to make inquiries, but we had not heard from him before I came away. I wish we could have found Luke Roy."

"Did you not find him?"

"We heard of him from the Eyres—the friends I was staying with. It was so singular," she continued, with some animation in her tone. "Luke Roy came to Melbourne after John was killed, and fell in with the Eyres. He told them about John; little thinking that I and Frederick should meet the Eyres afterwards. John died from a shot."

"From a shot!" involuntarily exclaimed Lionel.

"He and Luke were coming down to Melbourne from—where was it?—the Bendigo Diggings, I think; but I heard so much of the different names, that I am apt to confound one with another. John had a great deal of gold on him, in a belt round his waist, and Luke supposes that it got known. John was attacked as they were sleeping by night in the open air, beaten, and shot. It was the shot that killed him."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Lionel, his eyes fixed on vacancy, mentally beholding John Massingbird. "And they robbed him!"

"They had robbed him of all. Not a particle of gold was left upon him. Luke came on afterwards to Melbourne, and tried to discover the men; but he could not. It was this striving at discovery which brought him in contact with Mr. Eyre. After we reached Melbourne and I became acquainted with the Eyres, they did all they could to find out Luke, but they were unsuccessful."

"What had become of him?"

"They could not think. The last time Mr. Eyre saw him, Luke said he thought he had obtained a clue to the men who killed John. He promised to go back the following day and tell Mr. Eyre more about it. But he did not. And they never saw him afterwards. Mrs. Eyre used to say to me that she sincerely trusted no harm had come to Luke."

"Harm, in what way?" asked Lionel.

"She thought—but she would say that it was a foolish thought—if Luke should have found the men, and been sufficiently imprudent to allow them to know that he recognized them, they might have worked him some ill. Perhaps killed him."

Sibylla spoke the last words in a low tone. She was standing very still; her hands lightly resting before her, one upon another. How Lionel's heart was beating as he gazed on her, he alone knew. She was once again the Sibylla of past days. He forgot that she was the widow of another; that she had left him for that other of her own free will. All his past resentment faded in that moment; nothing was present to him but his love; and Sibylla with her fascinating beauty.

"You are thinner than when you left home," he remarked.

"I grew thin with vexation; with grief. He ought not to have taken me."

The concluding sentence was spoken in a strangely resentful tone. It surprised Lionel. "Who ought not to have taken you?—taken you where?" he asked, really not understanding her.

"He. Frederick Massingbird. He might have known what a place that Melbourne was. It is not fit for a lady. We had lodgings in a wooden house, near a spot that had used to be called Canvas Town. The place was crowded with people."

"But surely there are decent hotels at Melbourne!"

"All I know is, he did not take me to one. He inquired at one or two, but they were full; and then somebody recommended him to get a lodging. It was not right. He might have gone to it himself, but he had me with him. He lost his desk, you know."

"I heard that he did," replied Lionel.

"And I suppose that frightened him. Everything was in the desk; money, letters of credit. He had a few bank notes, only, left in his pocket-book. It never was recovered. I owe my passage money home, and I believe Captain Cannonby supplied him with some funds—which of course ought to be repaid. He took to drinking brandy," she continued.

"I am much surprised to hear it."

"Some fever came on. I don't know whether he caught it, or whether it came to him naturally. It was a sort of intermittent fever. At times he was very low with it, and then it was that he would drink the brandy. Only fancy what my position was!" she added, her face and voice alike full of pain. "He, not always himself; and I, out there in that wretched place alone. I went down on my knees to him one day, and begged him to send me back to England."

"Sibylla!"

He was unconscious that he called her by the familiar name. He was wishing he could have shielded her from all this. Painful as the retrospect might be to her, the recital was far more painful to him.

"After that, we met Captain Cannonby. I did not much like him, but he was kind to us. He got us to change to an hotel, made them find room for us, and then introduced me to the Eyres. Afterwards, he and Fred started from Melbourne, and I went to stay at the Eyres'."

Lionel did not interrupt her. She had made a pause, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"A day or two, and Captain Cannonby came back, and said that my husband was dead. I was not very much surprised. I thought he would not live when he left me; he had death written in his face. And so, I am alone in the world."

She raised her large blue eyes, swimming in tears, to Lionel. It completely disarmed him. He forgot all his prudence, all his caution; he forgot things that it was incumbent upon him to remember; and, like many another has done before him, older and wiser than Lionel Verner, he suffered a moment's impassioned impulse to fix the destiny of a life.

"Not alone from henceforth, Sibylla," he murmured, bending towards her in agitation, his lips apart, his breath coming fast and loud, his cheeks scarlet. "Let me be your protector. I love you more fondly than I have ever done."

She was entirely unprepared for the avowal. It may be, that she did not know what to make of it—how to understand it. She stepped back, her eyes strained on him inquiringly, her face turning to pallor. Lionel threw his arms round her, drew her to him, and sheltered her on his breast; as if he would ward off ill from her for ever.

"Be my wife," he fondly cried, his voice trembling with its own tenderness. "My darling, let this home be yours! Nothing shall part us more."

She burst into tears, raised herself, and looked at him.

"You cannot mean it! After behaving to you as I did, can you love me still?"

"I love you far better than ever," he answered, his voice becoming hoarse with emotion. "I have been striving to forget you ever since that cruel time; and not until to-night did I know how utterly futile has been the strife. You will let me love you! you will help me to blot out its remembrance!"

She drew a long deep sigh, like one who is relieved from some wearing pain, and laid her head down again as he had placed it.

"I can love you better than I loved him," she breathed.

"Sibylla, why did you leave me? Why did you marry him?"

"Oh, Lionel, don't reproach me!—don't reproach me!" she answered, bursting into tears. "Papa made me. He did, indeed."

"*He* made you. Dr. West?"

"I liked Frederick a little. Yes, I did; I will not deny it. And oh, how he loved me! All the while, Lionel, that you hovered near me—never speaking, never saying that you loved—he told me of it incessantly."

"Stay, Sibylla. You could not have mistaken me."

"True. Yours was silent love; his was urgent. When it came to the decision, and he asked me to marry him, and to go out to Australia, then papa interfered. He suspected that I cared for you—that you cared for me; and he—he—"

Sibylla stopped and hesitated.

"Must I tell you all?" she asked. "Will you never, never repeat it to papa, or reproach him? Will you let it remain a secret between us?"

"I will, Sibylla. I will never speak upon the point to Dr. West."

"Papa said that I must choose Frederick Massingbird. He told me that Verner's Pride was left to Frederick, and he ordered me to marry him. He did not say how he knew it—how he heard it; he only said that it was so. He affirmed that you were cut off with nothing, or next to nothing; that you would not be able to take a wife for years—perhaps never. And I weakly yielded."

A strangely stern expression had darkened Lionel's face. Sibylla saw it, and wrung her hands.

"Oh, don't blame me—don't blame me more than you can help! I know how weak, how wrong it was; but you cannot tell how entirely obedient we have always been to papa."

"Dr. West became accidentally acquainted with the fact that the property was left away from me," returned Lionel, in a scorn he could not entirely suppress. "He made good use, it seems, of his knowledge."

"Do not blame *me!*" she reiterated. "It was not my fault."

"I do not blame you, my dearest."

"I have been rightly served," she said, the tears streaming down. "I married him, pressed to it by my father, that I might share in Verner's Pride; and, before the news came out that Verner's Pride was ours, he was dead. It had lapsed to you, whom I rejected! Lionel, I never supposed that you would cast another thought to me; but, many a time have I felt that I should like to kneel and ask your forgiveness."

He bent his head, fondly kissing her.

"We will forget it together, Sibylla."

A sudden thought appeared to strike her, called forth, no doubt, by this new state of things, and her face turned crimson as she looked at Lionel.

"Ought I to remain here now?"

"You cannot well do anything else, as it is so late," he answered. "Allow Verner's Pride to afford you an asylum for the present, until you can make arrangements to remove to some temporary home. Mrs. Tynn will

make you comfortable. I shall be, during the time, my mother's guest."

"What is the time now?" asked Sibylla.

"Nearly ten. And, I dare say you are tired. I will not be selfish enough to keep you up," he added, preparing to depart. Good-night, my dearest."

She burst into fresh tears, and clung to his hand.

"I shall be thinking it must be a dream as soon as you leave me. You will be sure to come back and see me to-morrow?"

"Come back—aye!" he said, with a smile; "Verner's Pride never contained the magnet for me that it contains now."

He gave a few brief orders to Mrs. Tynn and to his own servant, and quitted the house. Neither afraid of ghosts nor thieves, he took the field way, the road which led by the willow pond. It was a fine, cold night, his mind was unsettled, his blood was heated, and the lonely route appeared to him preferable to the one through the village.

As he passed the willow pond with a quick step, he caught a glimpse of some figure bending over it, as if it were looking for something in the water, or else about to take a leap in. Remembering the fate of Rachel, and not wishing to have a second catastrophe of the same nature happen on his estate, Lionel strode towards the figure and caught it by the arm. The head was flung upwards at the touch, and Lionel recognized Robin Frost.

"Robin! what do you do here?" he questioned, his tone somewhat severe in spite of its kindness.

"No harm," answered the man. "There be times, Mr. Lionel, when I am forced to come. If I am in my bed, and the thought comes over me that I may see her if I only stay long enough upon the brink of this here water, which was her ending, I'm obliged to get up and come here. There be nights, sir, when I have stood here from sunset to sunrise."

"But you never have seen her, Robin?" returned Lionel, humoring his grief.

"No; never. But it's no reason why I never may. Folks say there be some of the dead that comes again, sir—not all."

"And if you did see her, what end would it answer?"

"She'd tell me who the wicked one was that put her into it," returned Robin, in a low whisper; and there was something so wild in the man's tone as to make Lionel doubt his perfect sanity. "Many a time do I hear her voice a-calling to me. It comes at all hours, abroad and at home; in the full sunshine, and in the dark night. 'Robin!' it says, 'Robin!' But it never says nothing more."

Lionel laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and drew him with him.

"I am going your way, Robin; let us walk together."

Robin made no resistance; he went along with his head down.

"I heard a word said to-night, sir, as Miss Sibylla had come back," he resumed, more calmly, "Mrs. Massingbird, that is. Somebody said they saw her at the station. Have you seen her, sir?"

"Yes; I have," replied Lionel.

"Does she say anything about John Massingbird?" continued the man with feverish eagerness. "Is he dead? or is he alive?"

"He is dead, Robin. There has never been a doubt upon the point since the news first came. He died by violence."

"Then he got his deserts," returned Robin, lifting his hand in the air, as he had done once before when speaking upon the same subject. "And Luke Roy, sir? Is he coming? I'm a-waiting for him."

"Of Luke, Mrs. Massingbird knows nothing. For myself, I think he is sure to come home, sooner, or later."

"Heaven send him!" aspirated Robin.

Lionel saw the man turn to his home, and very soon afterwards he was at his mother's. Lady Verner had retired for the night. Decima and Lucy were about retiring. They had risen from their seats, and Decima—who was too cautious to trust it to servants—was taking the fire off the grate. They looked inexpressibly surprised at the entrance of Lionel.

"I have come on a visit, Decima," began he, speaking in a gay tone. "Can you take me in?"

She did not understand him, and Lionel saw by the questioning expression of her face that Lady Verner had not made public the contents of his note to her: he saw that they were ignorant of the return of Sibylla. The fact, that they were so, seemed to rush over his spirit as a refreshing dew. Why it should do so, he did not seek to analyze: he was all too self-conscious that he dared not.

"A friend has come unexpectedly on a visit, and taken possession of Verner's Pride," he pursued. "I have lent it for a time."

"Lent it all?" exclaimed the wondering Decima.

"Lent it all. You will make room for me, won't you?"

"To be sure," said Decima, puzzled more than she could express. "But—was there no room left for you?"

"No," answered Lionel.

"What very unconscionable people they must be, to invade you in such numbers as that! You can have your old chamber, Lionel. But I will just go and speak to Catherine."

She hastened from the room. Lionel stood before the fire, positively turning his back upon Lucy Tempest. Was his conscience already smiting him? Lucy, who had stood by the table, her bed candle in her hand, stepped forward and held out the other hand to Lionel.

"May I wish you good-night?" she said.

"Good-night," he answered, shaking her hand. "How is your cold?"

"Oh, it is so much better!" she replied, with animation. "All the threatened soreness of the chest is gone. I shall be well by to-morrow. Lady Verner said I ought to have gone to bed early, but I felt too well. I knew Jan's advice would be good."

She left him, and Lionel leaned his elbow on the mantle-piece, his brow contracting as does that of one in unpleasant thought. Was he recalling the mode in which he had taken leave of Lucy earlier in the day?

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEWS FOR LADY VERNER. AND FOR LUCY.

If he did not recall it then, he recalled it later: when he was upon his bed, turning and tossing from side to side. His conscience was smiting him: smiting him from more points than one. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, he had spoken words, that night, in his hot passion, which might not be redeemed: and, now that the leisure for reflection was come, he could not conceal from himself that he had been too hasty. Lionel Verner was one who possessed excessive conscientiousness: even as a boy, had impetuosity led him into a fault—as it often did—his silent, inward repentance would be always keenly real, more so than the case deserved. It was so now. He loved Sibylla: there had been no mistake there: but it is certain that the unexpected delight of meeting her, her presence palpably before him in all its beauty, her manifested sorrow and grief, her lonely, unprotected position, all had worked their effect upon his heart and mind, had imparted to his love a false intensity. However the agitation of the moment may have caused him to fancy it, he did *not* love Sibylla as he had loved her of old: else why should the image of Lucy Tempest present itself to him surrounded by a halo of regret? The point is as unpleasant for us to touch upon, as it was to Lionel to think of: but the fact was all too palpable, and cannot be suppressed. He did love Sibylla: nevertheless there obtruded the unwelcome reflection that, in asking her to be his wife, he had been hasty; that it had been better had he taken time for consideration. He almost doubted whether Lucy would not have been more acceptable to him: not loved *yet* so much as Sibylla, but better suited to him in all other ways: worse than this, he doubted whether he had not in honor bound himself tacitly to Lucy that very day.

The fit of repentance was upon him, and he tossed and turned from side to side upon his uneasy bed. But, toss and turn as he would, he could not undo his night's work. There remained nothing for him but to carry it out, and make the best of it; and he strove to deceive his conscience with the hope that Lucy Tempest, in her girlish innocence, had not understood his hinted allusions to her becoming his wife: that she had looked upon his snatched caresses as but trifling pastime, such as he might offer to a child. Most unjustifiable he now felt those hints, those acts to have been, and his brow grew red with shame at their recollection. One thing he did hope, hope sincerely—that Lucy did not care for him. That she liked him very much, and had been on most confidential terms with him, he knew: but he did hope her liking went no deeper. Strange sophistry! how it will deceive the human heart! how prone we are to admit it! Lionel was honest enough in his hope now: but, not many hours before, he had been hugging his heart with the delusion that Lucy did love him.

Towards morning he dropped into an uneasy sleep. He awoke later than his usual hour from a dream of Frederick Massingbird. Dreams play us strange fantasies. Lionel's had taken him to that past evening, prior to Frederick Massingbird's marriage, when he had sought him in his chamber, to offer a word of warning against the union. He seemed to be living the interview over again, and the first words when he awoke, rushing over his brain with minute and unpleasant reality, were those he had himself spoken in reference to Sibylla:—"Were she free as air this moment, were she to come to my feet, and say 'Let me be your wife,' I should tell her that the whole world was before her to choose from, save myself. She can never again be anything to me."

Brave words: fully believed in when they were spoken: but what did Lionel think of them now?

He went down to breakfast. He was rather late, and found they had assembled. Lady Verner, who had just heard for the first time of Lionel's presence in the house, made no secret now of Lionel's note to her. Therefore Decima and Lucy knew that the "invasion" of Verner's Pride had been caused by Mrs. Massingbird.

She—Lady Verner—scarcely gave herself time to greet Lionel before she commenced upon it. She did not conceal, or seek to conceal, her sentiments—either of Sibylla herself, or of the step she had taken. And Lionel had the pleasure of hearing his intended bride alluded to, in a manner that was not altogether complimentary.

He could not stop it. He could not take upon himself the defence of Sibylla, and say, "Do you know that you are speaking of my future wife?" No, for Lucy Tempest was there. Not in her presence, had he the courage to bring home to himself his own dishonor: to avow that, after wooing her (it was very like it), he had turned round and asked another to marry him. The morning sun shone into the room upon the snowy cloth, upon the silver breakfast service, upon the exquisite cups of painted porcelain, upon those seated round the table. Decima sat opposite to Lady Verner, Lionel and Lucy were face to face on either side. The walls exhibited a few choice paintings; the room and its appurtenances were in excellent taste. Lady Verner liked things that pleased the eye. That silver service had been a recent present of Lionel's, who had delighted in showering elegancies and comforts upon his mother since his accession.

"What could have induced her ever to think of taking up her residence at Verner's Pride on her return?" reiterated Lady Verner to Lionel.

"She believed she was coming to her aunt. It was only at the station, here, that she learnt Mrs. Verner was dead."

"She did learn it there?"

"Yes. She learnt it there."

"And she could come to Verner's Pride *after* that? knowing that you, and you alone, were its master?"

Lionel toyed with his coffee-cup. He wished his mother would spare her remarks.

"She was so fatigued, so low-spirited, that I believed she was scarcely conscious where she drove," he returned. "I am certain that the idea of there being any impropriety in it never once crossed her mind."

Lady Verner drew her shawl around her with a peculiar movement. If ever action expressed scorn, that one did;—scorn of Sibylla, scorn of her conduct, scorn of Lionel's credulity in believing in her. Lionel read it all. Happening to glance across the table, he caught the eyes of Lucy Tempest fixed upon him with an open expression of wonder. Wonder at what? At his believing in Sibylla? It might be. With all Lucy's straightforward plainness, she would have been one of the last to storm Lionel's abode, and take refuge in it. A retort, defending Sibylla, had been upon Lionel's tongue, but that gaze stopped it.

"How long does she purpose honoring Verner's Pride with her presence, and keeping you out of it?" resumed Lady Verner.

"I do not know what her present plans may be," he answered, his cheek burning at the thought of the avowal he had to make—that her future plans would be contingent upon his. Not the least painful of the results which Lionel's haste had brought in its train, was the knowledge of the shock it would prove to his mother, whom he so loved and reverenced. Why had he not thought of it at the time?

Breakfast over, Lionel went out, a very coward. A coward, in so far as that he had shrunk from making yet the confession. He was aware that it ought to be done. The presence of Decima and Lucy Tempest had been his mental excuse for putting off the unwelcome task.

But a better frame of mind came over him ere he had gone many paces from the door; better, at any rate, as regarded the cowardice.

"A Verner never shrank yet from his duty," was his comment, as he bent his steps back again. "Am I turning renegade?"

He went straight up to Lady Verner, and asked her, in a low tone, to grant him a minute's private interview. They had breakfasted in the room which made the ante-room to the drawing-room: it was their usual morning-room. Lady Verner answered her son by stepping into the drawing-room.

He followed her and closed the door. The fire was but just lighted, scarcely giving out any heat. She slightly shivered, and requested him to stir it. He did so mechanically; wholly absorbed by the revelation he had to impart. He remembered how she had once fainted at nearly the same revelation.

"Mother, I have a communication to make to you," he began with desperate energy. "And I don't know how to do it. It will pain you greatly. Nothing, that I can think of, or imagine, would cause you so much pain."

Lady Verner seated herself in her low violet-velvet chair, and looked composedly at Lionel. She did not dread the communication very much. He was secure in Verner's Pride: what could there be that she need fear? She no more cast a glance to the possibility of his marrying the widow of Frederick Massingbird, than she would have done to his marrying that gentleman's wife. Buried in this semi-security, the shock must be all the greater.

"I am about to marry," said Lionel, plunging into the news headlong. "And I fear that you will not approve my choice. Nay, I know you will not."

A foreshadowing of the truth came across her then. She grew deadly pale, and put up her hands, as if to ward off the blow. "Oh, Lionel! don't say it! don't say it!" she implored. "I never can receive her."

"Yes you will, mother," he whispered, his own face pale too, and his tone one of painful entreaty. "You will receive her for my sake."

"Is it—*she?*"

The aversion with which the name was avoided was unmistakable. Lionel only nodded a grave affirmative.

"Have you engaged yourself to her?"

"I have. Last night."

"Were you mad?" she asked in a whisper.

"Stay, mother. When you were speaking against Sibylla at breakfast, I refrained from interference, for you did not then know that defence of her was my duty. Will you forgive me for reminding you that I cannot permit it to be continued even by you."

"But, do you forget that it is not a respectable alliance for you?" resumed Lady Verner. "No, not a respectable—"

"I cannot listen to this; I pray you cease!" he broke forth, a blaze of anger darkening his face. "Have you forgotten of whom you are speaking, mother? Not respectable!"

"I say that it is not a respectable alliance for you—Lionel Verner," she persisted. "An obscure surgeon's daughter, he of not too good repute, who has been out to the end of the world, and found her way back alone, a widow, is *not* a desirable alliance for a Verner. It would not be desirable for Jan; it is terrible for you?"

"We shall not agree upon this," said Lionel, preparing to take his departure. "I have told you, mother, and I have no more to say. Except to urge—if I may say so—that you will learn to speak of Sibylla with courtesy, remembering that she will shortly be my wife."

Lady Verner caught his hand as he was retreating.

"Lionel, my son, tell me how you came to do it," she wailed. "You cannot *love* her! the wife, the widow of another man! It must have been the work of a moment of folly. Perhaps she drew you into it!"

The suggestion, the "work of a moment of folly," was so very close a representation of what it had been, of what Lionel was beginning to see it to have been now, that the rest of the speech was lost to him in the echo of that one sentence. Somehow, he did not care to refute it.

"She will be my wife, respected and honored," was all he answered, as he quitted the room.

Lady Verner followed him. He went straight out, and she saw him walk hastily across the courtyard, putting on his hat as he traversed it. She wrung her hands, and broke into a storm of wailing despair, ignoring the presence of Decima and Lucy Tempest.

"I had far rather that she had stabbed him!"

The words excited their amazement. They turned to Lady Verner, and were struck with the marks of agitation on her countenance.

"Mamma, what are you speaking of?" asked Decima.

Lady Verner pointed to Lionel, who was then passing through the front gates.

"I speak of *him*," she answered, "my darling; my pride; my much-loved son. That woman has worked his ruin."

Decima verily thought her mother must be wandering in her intellect. Lucy could only gaze at Lady Verner in consternation.

"What woman?" repeated Decima.

"*She.* She who has been Lionel's bane. She who came and thrust herself into his home last night in her unseemly conduct. What passed between them, Heaven knows; but she has contrived to cajole him out of a promise to marry her."

Decima's pale cheek turned to a burning red. She was afraid to ask questions.

"Oh, mamma! it cannot be!" was all she uttered.

"It *is*, Decima. I told Lionel that he could not love *her*, who had been the wife of another man: and he did not refute it. I told him she must have drawn him into it, and that he left unanswered. He replied that she would be his wife, and must be honored as such. Drawn in to marry her! one who is so utterly unworthy of him! whom he does not even love! Oh, Lionel, my son, my son!"

In their own grievous sorrow they noticed not the face of Lucy Tempest, or what they might have read there.

Lionel went direct to the house of Dr. West. It was early; and the Miss Wests', fatigued with their night's pleasure, had risen in a scuffle, barely getting down at the breakfast hour. Jan was in the country attending on a patient, and not anticipating the advent of visitors, they had honored Master Cheese with hair *en papillotes*. Master Cheese had divided his breakfast hour between eating and staring. The meal had been sometime over, and the young gentleman had retired, but the ladies sat over the fire in unusual idleness, discussing the dissipation they had participated in. A scream from the two arose upon the entrance of Lionel, and Miss Amilly flung her pocket-handkerchief over her head.

"Never mind," said Lionel, laughing good-naturedly. "I have seen curl papers before, in my life. Your sitting here quietly tells me that you do not know what has occurred."

"What has occurred?" interrupted Deborah, before he could continue. "It—it—" her voice grew suddenly timid—"is nothing bad about papa?"

"No, no. Your sister has arrived from Australia. In this place of gossip, I wonder the news has not travelled to Jan or to Cheese."

They had started up, poor things, their faces flushed, their eyelashes glistening, forgetting the little episode of the mortified vanity, eager to embrace Sibylla.

"Come back from Australia!" uttered Deborah in wild astonishment. "Then where is she, that she is not here, in her own home?"

"She came to mine," replied Lionel. "She supposed Mrs. Verner to be its mistress still. I made my way here last night to ask you to come up, and found you were gone to Heartburg."

"But—she—is not remaining at it?" exclaimed Deborah, speaking with hesitation, in her doubt, the flush on her face deepening.

"I placed it at her disposal until other arrangements could be made," replied Lionel. "I am at present the guest of Lady Verner. You will go to Sibylla, will you not?"

Go to her? Aye! They tore the curl-papers out of their hair, and flung on bonnets and shawls, and hastened to Verner's Pride.

"Say that I will call upon her in the course of the morning, and see how she is after her journey," said Lionel.

In hurrying out they encountered Jan. Deborah stopped to say a word about his breakfast: it was ready she said, and she thought he must want it.

"I do," responded Jan. "I shall have to get an assistant, after all, Miss Deb. I find it doesn't answer to go quite without meals and sleep; and that's what I have done lately."

"So you have, Mr. Jan. I say every day, to Amilly that it can't go on, for you to be walked off your legs in this way. Have you heard the cheering news, Mr. Jan? Sibylla's come home. We are going to her now, at Verner's Pride."

"I have heard it," responded Jan. "What took her to Verner's Pride?"

"We have yet to learn all that. You know, Mr. Jan, she never was given to consider a step much, before she took it."

They tripped away, and Jan, in turning from them, met his brother. Jan was one, utterly incapable of finesse; if he wanted to say a thing, he said it out plainly. What havoc Jan would have made, enrolled in the corps of diplomatists!

"I say, Lionel," began he, "is it true that you are going to marry Sibylla West?"

Lionel did not like the plain question, so abruptly put. He answered curtly:

"I am going to marry Sibylla Massingbird."

"The old name comes the readiest," said Jan. "How did it come about, Lionel?"

"May I ask whence you derived your information, Jan?" returned Lionel, who was marvelling where Jan could have heard this.

"At Deerham Court. I have been calling in, as I passed it, to see Miss Lucy. The mother is going wild, I think. Lionel, if it is as she says, that Sibylla drew you into it against your will, don't you carry it out. *I'd* not. Nobody should hook me into anything."

"My mother said that, did she? Be so kind as not to repeat it, Jan. I am marrying Sibylla because I love her; I am marrying her of my own free will. If anybody—save my mother—has aught of objection to make to it, let them make it to me."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" returned Jan. "You need not be up, Lionel, it is no business of mine. I'm sure you are free to marry her for me. I'll be groomsman, if you like."

"Lady Verner has always been prejudiced against Sibylla," observed Lionel. "You might have remembered that, Jan."

"So I did," said Jan; "though I assumed that what she said was sure to be true. You see, I have been on the wrong scent lately. I thought you were getting fond of Lucy Tempest—it has looked like it."

Lionel murmured some unintelligible answer, and turned away, a hot flush dyeing his brow.

Meanwhile Sibylla was already up, but not down. Breakfast she would have carried up to her, she told Mrs. Tynn. She stood at the window, looking forth; not so much at the extensive prospect that swept the horizon in the distance, as at the fair lands immediately around.

"All his," she murmured, "and I shall be his wife at last!"

She turned languidly round at the opening of the door, expecting to see her breakfast. Instead of which, two frantic little bodies burst in and seized upon her. Sibylla shrieked.

"Don't, Deb! don't, Amilly! Are you going to hug me to death?"

Their kisses of welcome over, they went round about her, fondly surveying her from all points with their tearful eyes. She was thinner; but she was more lovely. Amilly expressed an opinion that the bloom on her delicate wax face was even brighter than of yore.

"Of course it is, at the present moment," answered Sibylla, "when you have been kissing me into a fever."

"She is not tanned a bit with her voyage, that I see," cried Deborah, with undisguised admiration. "But Sibylla's skin never did tan. Child," she added, bending towards her, and allowing her voice to become grave, "how could you think of coming to Verner's Pride! It was not right. You should have come home."

"I thought Mrs. Verner was living still."

"And if she had been?—This is Mr. Lionel's house now; not hers. You ought to have come home, my dear. You will come with us now, will you not?"

"I suppose you'll allow me to have some breakfast first," was Sibylla's answer. Secure in her future position, she was willing to go home to them temporarily now. "Why is papa gone away, Deborah?"

"He will be coming back some time, dear," was Deborah's evasive answer, spoken soothingly. "But tell us a little about yourself, Sibylla. When poor Frederick—"

"Not this morning, Deborah," she interrupted, putting up her hand. "I will tell you all another time. It was an unlucky voyage."

"Have you realized John's money that he left? That he lost, I should rather say."

"I have realized nothing," replied Sibylla. "Nothing but ill luck. We never got tidings of John in any way, beyond the details of his death; we never saw a particle of gold belonging to him, or could hear of it. And my husband lost his desk the day we landed—as I sent you word; and I had no money out there, and I have only a few shillings in my pocket."

This catalogue of ills nearly stunned Deborah and Amilly West. They had none too much of—life's great need, gold, for themselves; and the burden of keeping Sibylla would be sensibly felt. A tolerably good table it was indispensable to maintain, on account of Jan, and that choice eater, Master Cheese; but how they had to pinch in the matter of dress, they alone knew. Sibylla also knew, and she read aright the drooping of their faces.

"Never mind, Deborah; cheer up, Amilly. It is only for a time. Ere very long I shall be leaving you again."

"Surely not for Australia!" returned Deborah, the hint startling her.

"Australia? Well, I am not sure that it will be *quite* so far," answered Sibylla, in a little spirit of mischief. And, in the bright prospect of the future, she forgot past and present grievances, turned her laughing blue eyes upon her sisters, and, to their great scandal, began to waltz round and round the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ To vanquish a blackguard with his own weapon, you must be a bigger blackguard than he is.

☞ Two boys going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought the whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally, but on opening the box, lo, and behold! it was empty.

☞ In one of our towns the Postmaster has, by skillful manœuvering, managed to retain his office from the time of Harrison and Tyler down to the present day. Being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of Administration, he replied that "it would take a mighty smart Administration to change quicker than he could."

☞ When an Atheist says the world came by chance, can he, by any chance, explain how?

☞ "Which is the most solemn and awful moment of a naval battle?" asked a lady of a naval officer. "The moment before the battle, madam, when they sprinkle sand on the decks to absorb the blood that is soon to flow," replied the officer.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'BER 27, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE RECENT CONTESTS.

A week of anxiety ends with the joyful assurance that the rebel invaders have been forced to fly from "Maryland, my Maryland," and entirely give up for the present the prospect of overrunning Pennsylvania.

We give in another place the clearest accounts we have seen of the great battle of Sharpsburg, fought on Wednesday, the 17th of September. It is evident that it was a most desperate struggle, in which though we can scarcely claim a decisive victory, the balance of advantages was decidedly in favor of the Union forces. The next day both armies were apparently too much exhausted to recommence the contest, the rebels probably secretly employing themselves in commencing their retreat into Virginia. On Friday, judging from our present advices, they completed their passage of the Potomac—with how much loss of men, trains, and artillery, we are yet unable to say. The amount of such loss of course will determine the extent of the disorganization they have sustained, and the character of the defeat they have suffered.

It is probable that the designs of the rebels in their recent movement were as follows:—1. To capture Harper's Ferry and the 12,000 men at that place, by surrounding it, and moving on it from the North, from which side it is said to be least defensible, the Maryland heights being higher than the Virginia ones. 2. To replenish their supplies. 3. To raise Maryland in their favor, and largely recruit their forces. 4. To menace Baltimore and Washington, and the railroad communications of those cities with the North. 5. To invade Pennsylvania by way of the Cumberland Valley, allow us in this state to feel the ravages of war, supply themselves at will from our overflowing resources, and sicken us of the contest.

Of all these objects the rebels have gained the first, and, it may be, in a degree, the second. Owing to shameful incompetency or to treachery, Harper's Ferry was captured. Whether the report of the recapture is true, we are at present unable to say.

But Maryland would not rise—even her secessionists will not put their property and lives in peril on so desperate a venture. For they see that even if the North were defeated, and the Union allowed to be dissevered, the North and Pennsylvania must at least insist on the Potomac for a border line. To cross the Potomac is in fact to invade Pennsylvania—recent events have impressed this upon the great majority of our population. It therefore does not seem possible for Maryland to be severed from Pennsylvania, without exposing both of them to great peril.

And thus the rebel plans have mainly failed. How important to us the result of the battle of Sharpsburg was, can be estimated by any one who can estimate what would have been the effect of a decided rebel victory on that occasion. Then indeed would Pennsylvania and Philadelphia have been in danger, and the heroism and endurance of the seventy thousand men who have hastily gathered to the defence of their native state, been most thoroughly tested. Persuaded as we may be of the courage and determination of our fellow-citizens, we are truly thankful that such a contest has been avoided.

And now once more we hope, will the Union armies be enabled to resume the offensive. If the enemy can be driven sufficiently to the south by the winter months, there may be no necessity for going into winter quarters. Such is clearly the Union policy, if we can by any amount of straining bring into the field a sufficient number of troops. To lose the whole winter in inactivity is not to be thought of, if it can possibly be avoided. Our heavy expenses will be going on, the rebels will be exerting all their energies to recruit their forces, and foreign powers will be growing more and more impatient. Even the soldiers themselves, we should think, after a week or two of repose, would welcome an active campaign, and a prospect of breaking at once the strength of the rebellion, rather than look forward to another winter like the last, and another summer like that which is just passing away.

THE PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEERS.

The report of the committee of Councils, relative to the number of men enlisted in this city, as quoted in our news columns, shows from the official muster rolls exactly what has been done by Philadelphia. Thus we have in the regiments and companies mustered in

By Col. Ruff	31,194 men.
" Col. Baker	5,100
In the Reserves	2,000
	38,294

Undoubtedly many of the above number were from other parts of the state. But, to balance these, we have Philadelphia volunteers in the New York, New Jersey and Delaware regiments—of whom there must be a goodly number, as the families of these

to which assistance is weekly rendered are estimated to number 2,000, and those that claim this relief generally average only one-third of the whole enlistment.

The quota of the city to meet all the drafts made by the President is over 83,000. And the above statement proves that we have not only filled our quota, but done 5,000 better.

HARPER'S FERRY.

The surrender of Harper's Ferry—and especially of the heights on the Maryland side—demands a stern and impartial inquiry. A "desperate and heroic" defence in which only 200 men are killed and wounded out of nearly 12,000—and when the thunder of cannon rolling nearer and nearer would seem to give assurance that relief was close at hand—would seem to be, at first sight, a disgrace to the country. The surrender of 11,583 men, nearly 50 pieces of cannon, 72,000 rations, and we know not how much else of the materials of war, great as it was, almost sinks into insignificance compared with the loss of the place itself, (tenfold valuable at that particular moment) and the disengagement of the rebel force employed in its reduction. Of course the latter went at once to reinforce Lee.

Col. Miles is dead—but Col. Ford, who surrendered the Maryland heights, and Gen. White, are still alive. Let the matter be investigated as soon as possible, and a court-martial appointed—not, however, of the "white-washing" order. It is full time that the Administration showed that it has the nerve to punish, as well as the ability to reward. If it had not been so foolishly lenient heretofore, the shame of this and other disgraceful deeds would probably have been saved the country.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD; showing who robbed him, who helped him, and who passed him by. By WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, author of "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," "Pendennis," &c., &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

There is a condiment well known to housewives and to consumers of pastry, called Essence of Lemon. In the days when it comes fresh and virgin from the chemist's shop, it is brisk, pungent, aromatic, and flavors our pies and puddings like a breath from the tropics. Time passes on, and in its course there comes a day when the well-known flavor is mingled with the least suspicion of something less agreeable. Is there not a little taste of turpentine here? To-morrow, and more to-morrows, and the suspicion becomes certainty. Turpentine, not lemon!—or at the best, lemon-turpentine! Take away this dish, and never let custard or tart receive drops from that fatal phial more!

Thackeray, thou modern-English humorist, we fear that such a similie befits thee. Brisk, pungent and delightful in the days of Jeames, of *Yellowplush*, and of the Book of Snobs, the taste for thee so grew upon us that other flavors were insipid beside thine. Vanity Fair, Pendennis, Esmond, the Newcomes, all were welcome and delightful. It was a sad day when the taste of turpentine within the lemon first forced itself upon us. With "Lovel the Widower" the tang grew stronger; but certainly the taste was that of Thackeray still, and we struggled with the revolt we felt. But with "Philip" we give the matter up. Lemon no longer: turpentine only! Take it away! we cannot believe now that it ever *was* the pure article.

All this is sad. We mourn as for a friend who has deceived our expectations. It is not the necessary change from the style of youth to that of age which we lament. The vivacity and animation of the former period might be more than compensated for by the increase of wisdom and knowledge, the broader charity, and the truer views of life which age should bring with it. Truth is the wine of life, and that which is poured forth from the mind of a man who is true to the best and highest things he knows, should, like wine, soften and strengthen too with each succeeding year of age.

In this case we fear the deterioration is a more serious one than any which would be denoted by the mere babblings of senility. The foundation is wrong, and the building leans more and more from the perpendicular as it progresses.

The admirers of Thackeray—and he has fanatical admirers even yet who vaunt him above all his cotemporaries—prate much of his wisdom, his philosophy, his breadth of charity. What is this vaunted charity for the sinning of which we hear so much? "We must not think hard of sinners, for, after all, we are very far from being saints ourselves." That is the amount of it. "My dear young friend," says the expounder of this lukewarm gospel, "the profitable way of life is the middle way. Black is not so very black; and as for white, *bon Dieu!* in our climate what paint will remain white long? If Philip was self-indulgent, I suppose other people are self-indulgent likewise. * * As nature made him, so he was. I don't think he tried to improve himself much. Perhaps few people do. * * Can you by taking thought add to your moral stature?"—and so on, and so on. Poor world-worn furbished-up philosophy! It is sad stuff; it is a sad age when such arrant pinchbeck as this can pass for gold with any one.

We acknowledge the entire hatefulness of the bad characters of this book. The pompous little braggart Talbot Twysden; the worldly cold-hearted Agnes; the swindling humbug Dr. Firmin; above all the horrid old harridan Mrs. Haynes, Philip's mother in law; all these are drawn in vivid colors, and with careful finish of detail. Dr. Firmin's letters to his son are perfect wonders of character painting.

As to the good characters, so-called, we must decline to admit them to our special admiration or affection. Philip is a blundering, honest, good-hearted fellow, whom we like quite well in spite of his rudeness and occasional ill-temper; but how can we join in the rapturous shout of his biographer when he chronicles the wonderful magnanimity of his conduct in marrying the girl of his heart when he had but three hundred a year? If there is anything specially virtuous and admirable in that, we fail to see it. Little Charlotte, too, we are desired to look upon as a heroine because of her passionate persistence in asserting that she *will* have Philip, so she will, and she *won't* have that odious little Heley.

In the same way Thackeray calls upon us to admire the maternal affection of his favorite female characters, when the fact is that he shows us nothing better than the passionate jealous instinct which makes even the tigress fondle her young, and which, untamed by higher principles, is a mere selfish love, never failing to bear the bitter fruit that all merely selfish and natural instincts must.

And this is the key-note to the whole failure. The merely amiable impulses of human nature are called virtue, and assumed as the proper foundation of character. There is no question of principle, none of struggle against inward temptations to evil, none of the necessity of a constant reference of our lives to something above and beyond ourselves.

Thackeray's philosophy is mere naturalism, and as such, containing in itself no possibilities of freshening renewal, it has degenerated from the brilliant freshness of his early works to the dreary twaddle of the present volume.

"Go, counsellor!
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain!"

THE DIFFERENCE.—An old army officer yesterday gave us the reason why the regulars endure more fatigue than volunteers. When marching, if the regular even cuts his finger he falls into the rear and applies a bandage. The moment he halts for the night, after he eats his rations, his cheek is upon his knapsack and himself in the land of dreams. The volunteer does very differently. If he hurts himself he extemporises some inadequate sort of dressing, and keeps along. When night comes, the chances are ten to one, that instead of taking repose at once, he wearies himself still further by leap frog with his companions, or by playing "old sledge" for pints of whiskey. The regular carries with him nothing that he can help. Not an ounce more will he bear than regulation weight. The volunteer is too apt to leave nothing behind him that he can carry. Every daguerreotype even adds to the weight of a knapsack in a manner that none but those who carry them can adequately understand. In Mexico soldiers threw away money because it chafed their pockets.—*North American.*

A NEW ARTICLE.—A new article of female apparel is thus described:—"The patent has just been completed of an article designed to be worn above the boot, and to protect the leg between the ankle and the calf. It consists of what the patentee terms *a leglet*, in contradistinction to gauntlet, and is made by preference of water-proof or glazed cloth, lined or not with flannel or other textile material. It is made to button round the leg, or it is secured by elastic webbing, which unites the two ends or sides of the leglet. This new article not only keeps the leg warm, but protects it from dirt and wet at that part where mostly the dress comes in contact with it in walking."

A BAD PRACTICE.—Throwing watermelon rinds and the skins of peaches and other fruits upon the sidewalks. It is just as easy to pitch such things into the streets as upon the sidewalks. In the streets they cause no falls and break no bones. On the sidewalks they are as dangerous as man-traps, and may cause personal injury, or lameness for life. No person with sense enough to be humane, or having consideration for others, would ever throw the rind or paring of fruit upon the sidewalks, and every person of good sense seeing them there would take the pains to brush them off, if the toe of the boot had to be used for that purpose.

☞ Gen. Halleck, in a note to Mr. W. H. Aspinwall, has recalled his censure of the New York State Militia, which seems to have been thrown out when he really believed, through the mistakes or delays of others, that they had been applied to to remain, and refused.

"We are ruining our generals and troops by apologizing for and explaining away their wretched failures. Let us have done with this humbug and delude ourselves no longer. Our army wants criticism, rebuke—not eulogy—if we would have it save the nation."—*World.*

☞ Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come, Indian file, softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips of those that pant for it; their music is sweet to the ear that listens to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

☞ The redoubtable X., in payment of a cigar, pulled out a little swab of gummy, greasy, filthy postage stamps. "Can't you give me hard money?" asked the cigar lady. "Well, madam," responded X, "I have seen very little harder-looking money than that!"

☞ "And what is the matter with you?" asked Arabella of a hearty invalid with shoulder-straps; "why are'nt you with your regiment?" "Me? Oh! I'm sick—I've got something the matter with my liver." "Ah! Yes, it is white!" replied the maiden, scornfully; and off she went to dance—would you have thought it?—with a civilian.

☞ In the novel of "Marius," by Victor Hugo, there is a sketch of a reformer who all his life has been unsuccessfully trying to do two things, namely, "to overturn the government, and to get his trowsers mended."

☞ Machias, Me., has done well. Last Saturday night nine children were born in the town, which is exactly the quota required.

THE PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEERS.

Dissatisfied with the result of the enrollment, the Councils of Philadelphia appointed a committee to examine the muster-rolls and report how many volunteers this city had really furnished. The Committee report the following facts.

PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEERS MUSTERED BY COLONEL RUFF.

Reg'ts.	Companies.	
26th, Col. Birney,	15	1,400
26th, Col. Small,	10	873
27th, Col. Einstein,	10	873
28th, Col. Geary,	15	1,160
29th, Col. Murphy,	10	854
30th, Col. Chantry,	10	689
31st, Col. Chorman,	10	1,011
32d, Col. Lafeane,	9	770
37th, Col. James Miller,	8	684
39th, Col. Zeigler,	4	226
40th, Col. Boulen,	10	551
41st, Col. Gregory,	10	811
42d, Col. Baller,	10	838
43d, Col. Guss,	1	84
45th, Col. Kolter,	8	551
54th, Col. J. Richter Jones,	10	809
67th, Col. Stanton,	10	796
68th, Col. Tippen,	10	871
88th, Col. McLean,	10	836
90th, Col. Lyle,	10	803
95th, Col. Gosline,	10	966
109th, Col. Stainrook,	8	695
112th, Col. Angeroth,	9	719
114th, Col. Collis,	10	912
115th, Col. Patterson,	8	563
116th, Col. Heenan,	9	688
118th, Col. Provost,	10	978
119th, Col. Ellmaker,	10	766
121st, Col. Biddle,	10	821
— Col. Friedman,	10	831
— Col. Rush,	10	715
— Col. Young,	5	420
— Col. Harlan,	10	892
— Col. R. Butler Price,	9	659
— Col. Frismuth,	12	940
Col. Gallagher,	4	309
Col. Winter,	4	335
Col. Segelarth,	2	168
Col. Schemmelfenney,	1	85
Col. McReynolds,	1	76
Independent companies,	8	732
Pennsylvania Reserves,		1,600
Officers of regiments, &c.,		1,500
Enlistments in old regiments,		1,500
		22,500

The following number of volunteers were also residents of this city:

Col. Williams' regiment,	500
Col. Baker's California regiment,	1,400
Col. Baxter's Fire Zouaves,	1,500
Col. Owens' regiment,	900
Col. Morehead's regiment,	800
	5,100

These last named five thousand one hundred volunteers were not mustered into service by Col. Ruff, and are not included in his list. The late lamented Gen. E. D. Baker was authorized by the Secretary of War to raise a brigade and muster the same into service, and these regiments formed his brigade.

In addition to these 37,400 volunteers, the following number of volunteers from our city, enlisted in the Pennsylvania Reserve regiments, and were mustered into service by Assistant Adjutant General H. J. Biddle, now deceased:—

2d	Pa. Reserves,	Col.	Wm. McCandles,	1,000
3d	" "	"	"	300
4th	" "	"	"	200
7th	" "	"	"	300
13th	" "	"	"	200
				2,000

Making in all thirty-nine thousand four hundred volunteers.

From all the information your Committee can obtain, we are of opinion that several thousand men have enlisted from our city, whose names do not appear upon the abstract record kept by Col. Ruff. A captain having a company of eighty men has them sworn into service, and it frequently occurs that the company does not receive marching orders for some days after being thus mustered into service. In the meantime, and during their stay in this city, enlisting is going on, until the company reaches the maximum of ninety-eight men. Of this increased number of eighteen men, no account is kept in this city.

The committee appointed by Councils to relieve families of volunteers are now, and have been affording relief to families where the volunteer was a resident of our city from May, 1861, no matter in what regiment the volunteer enlisted. The action of the Relief Commission was changed in October, 1861, upon the proclamation of the Executive prohibiting enlistments in Philadelphia for other than Pennsylvania regiments. Your committee have reason to believe that we are now furnishing relief to at least 2,000 families who are residents of our city—the volunteers having been enrolled in New York, New Jersey, or Delaware regiments. The number of persons applying and obtaining relief is about one-third of those that enter the service, and it is, therefore, reasonable to infer that 6,000 of our citizens have enlisted in regiments outside of this state.

Your committee are of opinion that a city, whose citizens have so patriotically furnished nearly 45,000 gallant defenders of the Constitution, and whose government has appropriated some millions of dollars in support of her soldiers, should be spared the mortification of a draft. If justice is done to our citizens by the Executive, we think Philadelphia is entitled to a credit on a subsequent draft, if an additional one should unfortunately be required. Your committee have communicated with the Governor on this subject, and enclosed him a copy of this report, and they ask leave to be continued.

THE FAIR REBELS OF NASHVILLE.—A Nashville correspondent of the *Press*, says:

"The fair young ladies, who pine and sigh for absent chivalry, are sadly tormented in regard to their looks—of course, they wish to look their prettiest on the arrival of the defenders of 'Southern rights!' who are expected by them daily. They complain of their complexions, the regular renovator of which is *chalk*, and plenty of it. Now, unfortunately, the dealers in the article neglected to replenish their stocks before we were blockaded, not expecting such a demand, for the females have been looking quite *blue* lately, and the result is, that all the fair sex of Nashville are nearly the color of a new saddle. If some dealer in chalk, either in its finer form of 'Meen Fun' or 'Pearl Powder,' or even in its rough state, were to ship a small invoice to Nashville he would realize not only a good profit, but, unconsciously, the blessings of the fairer portion of its inhabitants. Our ladies are all artists; that is, they paint themselves."

THE BLACK REGIMENTS.—Gen. Hunter positively denies that he has ever said or intimated that the black regiments of South Carolina were in any manner or to any extent "a failure:" on the contrary, he asserts that they showed themselves excellent soldiers, and is rejoiced that the Government has at last adopted his policy, by authorizing the equipment and arming of five regiments of negroes in the district where it had previously refused them.

He says that if this course had been taken from the first he might have had 150,000 defenders of the Union to-day upon the soil of the South.

☞ THE FIRST CALL.—It is now definitely settled that the first call for three hundred thousand volunteers embraced the number requisite to fill up the old regiments.

A CURE FOR DIPTHERIA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR:—In your issue of the 6th inst., "A lady friend of the Easton Express," prescribes a piece of camphor placed on the tongue and left there to dissolve as a certain cure for this dreadful malady.

Having been beguiled into the belief that Diptheria was a disease of the throat, and easily controlled, by seeing the above and other similar recommendations published, I now propose to advise your readers not to rely upon such simple specifics, by a statement of facts as they transpired under my own observation.

On the 17th day of May my only son, then in his fifth year, was seized with Diptheria; the indications being no more than ordinarily attend remittent fever. Until the fourth day no irritation of the throat, or exudation such as usually attend this disease, appeared.

From this time he received the treatment recommended by the regular faculty of physicians. The principal remedies being quinine, and "muriate of iron." The latter article being relied upon in this disease for restoring the blood to its normal condition. For the first two days my child seemed to improve, but died on the tenth day from the attack, his death being the same as if produced by membranous croup.

On Monday previous to her brother's death, my only daughter, nearly nine years of age, next showed marked symptoms of this disease; slight affection of the throat, at first, with the usual secretion, were *her* symptoms. She was prescribed for by the attending physician, who pronounced her sufficiently recovered to attend the funeral of her brother on Thursday afternoon, which she accordingly did. On the evening of that day she relapsed and suffered intensely from that time till Sunday morning, when death ended her extreme distress. Her death differed materially from that of her brother, the symptoms being at times those of typhoid fever, with neck swollen, and jaws clenched as in lockjaw. She had assisted in amusing her brother occasionally, slept in the same room, and was frequently in close proximity to him. My wife, myself, and niece, all had the disease in a modified form.

From these facts and circumstances, I infer that this malady is of a highly contagious character in some of its forms, to those who may be susceptible. And hence it follows that whenever this fatal epidemic appears, those in health, particularly children, should be kept separate and apart from the sick. That this disease may be successfully treated in the incipient stages, and in its modified forms, I have no doubt; but in those fully developed cases, such as we frequently read of, where whole families of children are destroyed by it, no remedies can avail, as the intensity of the attack bids defiance to all remedial agents. Do not then delay, or experiment with doubtful and unreliable remedies, but call to your aid if possible, those, and those alone who have been successful in its treatment, and who have witnessed its dreadful and defiant character, lest in an unexpected manner or in an unguarded hour this destroyer may come upon you, and leave you to mourn the loss of *all* your children.

JAMES RISK.

Batavia, Ill., Sept., 16, 1862.

☞ Napoleon gave as a reason for his always beating the Austrians that "they didn't know the value of half an hour." Our Generals may not need the benefit of the remark but it can do them no harm.

☞ What a season we have had, and what a harvest is crowning it! The orchards are almost crushed to the ground by the superabundance of fruit, and the fields are yellow with their bounty. No epidemic has touched the North or swept over the South. The whole country, except where the war has brought desolation, has been rejoicing in growth and marvellous fertility. What a glorious consummation to such a season it would be to rescue the nation from the assaults of rebellion and give peace to the republic.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher in one of his sermons the other day said: "If you want flax to be thread, get your sickle, step into the field and go to work." Now, (says the Portland Argus) as flax is pulled up by the roots and not cut by the sickle, the implement under the circumstances would be an incumbrance.

Wouldst thou thy vats with generous juice should froth?
Respect thy orchards; think not that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught
Let art correct thy breed; from parent bough
A scion meetly sever; after force
A way into the crab stock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Enclose the foster twig; nor, over nice,
Refuse with thine own hands around to spread
The binding clay; ere long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms
With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain the impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
—*Phillips.*

☞ A husband advertises thus:—"My wife, Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting, anybody can do so if they see fit; for, as I never pay my own debts, it is not likely I'll pay her'n."

☞ Tick, for credit, is a word at least as old as the 17th century, and is corrupted from ticket, as a tradesman's bill was formerly called; and the phrase was originally *on ticket*, i. e, things to be put in the bill.

☞ A Danish writer speaks of a hut so miserable that it didn't know which way to fall, and so kept standing. This is like the man that had such a complication of diseases that he did not know what to die of, and so lived on.

☞ THE DRAFT.—It is estimated that two-thirds of the 600,000 men lately called for by the President, are in camp, leaving only about 200,000 to be drafted.

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE REBEL RETREAT.

Crossing of the Potomac at Sheppardstown.

Four Pieces of Rebel Artillery Captured.

THE REBELS APPEAR IN FORCE.

A Sharp Skirmish—The Rebels Shelled.

UNION VICTORY AT IUKA, MISS.

Gen. Price's Forces Beaten by Gen. Rosecrans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Saturday, Sept. 20.—The rebel army has succeeded in making its escape from Maryland.

They commenced to leave about dusk on Thursday evening, and by daylight yesterday morning were all over, except a small rear guard.

They saved all their transportation, and carried off all their wounded but about three hundred.

Between three and four hundred rebel stragglers were taken during the day by General Pleasanton's cavalry, who took the advance.

Nearly every house in Sharpsburg was struck by our shells. Two were burned, and also a large barn located in the centre of the town. The citizens who remained escaped by staying in their cellars. Only one child was killed.

Two rebels, while cooking their suppers on Tuesday, were killed by one of our shots passing through the kitchen. The name given to this battle is "Antietam."

After our forces occupied the whole field, the rebel loss was found to be by far greater, particularly in killed, than it was at first supposed. Fully 2,500 were found lying on the field, while a large number had been buried the day before by their friends. Their loss from killed and wounded will not come far from 18,000 to 22,000. Gen. Stark, of the rebel forces, was killed, and Generals Ripley and Hayes were wounded.

The rebels on Thursday night burned the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry.

The citizens of Sandy Hook were fleeing into the country on Thursday night to avoid being impressed into the rebel army and carried into Virginia.

Large details of men were made this morning to bury the remaining dead bodies, which have become offensive. The troops are all in excellent spirits over the result. The rebels are still visible on the opposite shore, in force. A large amount of artillery has been posted by the enemy to prevent our troops from crossing.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Saturday Evening, Sept. 20.—The 4th Michigan, with a few men from Sykes's brigade, crossed the Potomac at Sheppardstown ford yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of making a reconnoissance. They met with a stout resistance from the enemy, but succeeded in reaching this side of the river again, with 4 pieces of artillery captured from the rebels, with but slight loss. The occupation of the Virginia shore was attempted again this morning, with less success.

Col. Barnes's brigade, with a portion of Sykes's brigade, with some cavalry and two batteries of artillery, crossed the river and took a position on the Virginia shore. Shortly after the troops had been placed in position the enemy emerged from under the cover of the woods, with a line of infantry nearly a mile long. Both troops soon became engaged, when the order was given to retire, which was done in good order, the enemy following closely behind. When the enemy came within range it was opened upon by 20 pieces of our artillery posted on the Maryland bank, with such effect that they were forced to retire out of reach.

Their loss from our artillery fire must have been heavy, as the explosion of our shells were seen to make large gaps in their lines. Our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners will reach about 150. The troops safely returned to the Maryland shore, bringing the wounded with them.

Information was received to-day of the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the rebels. Their artillery was removed from the line of the Potomac last night, and it is believed their army is falling back in the direction of Charlestown and Winchester.

In the action to-day Colonel Provost, of the 118th Pennsylvania, was wounded. Also, Captain Ricketts and Lieutenant McKean. Among the killed was Captain Sander and Lieutenant White.

It was reported that a force of rebel cavalry and artillery had left in the direction of Williamsport. A force was sent in that direction this morning. Heavy firing heard in that direction to-night shows that they have become engaged.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21.—Three divisions of our army crossed over and attacked the enemy yesterday morning. The firing opened on our left, and by degrees went along our whole line, until it got to the extreme right. A large body of Union cavalry was sent to Williamsport. They moved in heavy force up the roads leading to that point. Heavy firing on both sides was kept up until 9 o'clock last evening. Our forces are pushing the enemy at every point. The musketry at 10 o'clock A. M., yesterday, was terrific.

From one of our special correspondents, just in, we learn that yesterday morning, Gen. Martindale's brigade, under command of Col. Barnes, of the 18th Massachusetts, was ordered to cross the river, and after getting across, the 118th Pennsylvania volunteers (the Corn Exchange regiment) fell into an ambuscade of the rebel infantry and masked artillery, by which they suffered considerable loss, and were obliged to fall back.

The Battle of Iuka—Official Report of Gen. Grant.

IUKA, MISS., Sept. 20.—To Major-General Halleck, General-in chief: Gen. Rosecrans, with Stanley and Hamilton's divisions of Missouri cavalry, attacked Gen. Price, south of this village, about two hours before dark yesterday, and had a sharp fight until night closed in. Gen. Ord was to the north, with an armed force of about five thousand men, and had some skirmishing with rebel pickets. This morning the fight was resumed by Gen. Rosecrans, who was nearest to the town, but it was found that the enemy had been evacuating during the night, going south. Hamilton and Stanley, with the cavalry, are in full pursuit. This will, no doubt, break up the enemy and possibly force them to abandon much of their artillery. The loss on either side, in killed and wounded, is from four to five hundred.

The enemy's loss in arms, tents, &c., will be large. We have about 250 prisoners. I have reliable information that it was Price's intention to move over east of Tennessee. In this he has been thwarted. Among the enemy's loss are Gen. Little killed and Gen. Whitfield wounded. I cannot speak too highly of the energy and skill displayed by Gen. Rosecrans in the attack, and of the endurance of the troops under him. Gen. Ord's command showed untiring zeal, but the direction taken by the enemy prevented them taking the active part they desired. Price's force was about fifteen thousand.

U. S. GRANT, Major-General.

No More Troops to Start for Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 21.—Governor Curtin telegraphs from Hagerstown to notify all military organizations, not already started for Harrisburg, to wait at home for further orders, it being highly probable that all danger of invasion has been removed, the rebel army being in full retreat up the Shenandoah Valley. All interested parties should therefore keep up their organization, but wait for orders before starting for the state capital.

Miscellaneous.

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, Sept. 14.—Gov. Richard Yates, Springfield, Illinois: We invite a meeting of the Governors of the loyal states, to be held at Altoona, Penna., on the 24th. Please reply to Gov. Curtin.

"ANDREW G. CURTIN,
"DAVID TOD,
"F. H. PEIRPONT."

BALTIMORE, Sept. 20.—It is believed that the rebels have taken the opportunity of their occupation of Harper's Ferry to inflict another serious injury upon the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. From information believed altogether reliable, we learn that they have not only destroyed the temporary railroad bridge, but also blown up some or all of the massive stone piers.

FREDERICK, Sept. 21.—The great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad over the Monocacy, east of Frederick, which was destroyed by the rebels two weeks ago, is again restored, after five days' labor.

Twelve hundred rebel prisoners, captured by General McClellan, have arrived at Baltimore and embarked for Fort Delaware.

Gen. Sigel was not up the Potomac during the late campaign, his command being about Washington.

The rebels have attacked the United States forces at Washington, N. C., and succeeded in taking the place, but were dislodged by the gunboats. During the action the gunboat Petrel blew up, killing the captain and eighteen men.

A detachment of Col. Butler Price's cavalry, in a reconnoissance last week from Centreville, captured thirty-two rebel soldiers near Thoroughfare Gap.

From San Francisco we learn that General Wright has given notice that the confiscation act will be enforced in the Department of the Pacific.

Rear Admiral Farragut reports officially that a ten gun rebel gunboat has been allowed to enter Mobile without being fired at by the United States blockading squadron, although she was seen and ineffectually chased. In consequence of this neglect the Navy Department has dismissed Commander Preble, the officer in command there, from the navy.

THE FIRING OF SATURDAY.

REBEL CAVALRY IN MARYLAND—AND OUT AGAIN.—LATEST FROM GEN. MCCLELLAN'S ARMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, SUNDAY EVENING, Sept. 21, 1862.

The firing heard last evening in the direction of Williamsport, turns out to have been a raid of Stewart's rebel cavalry.

He crossed on Friday night into Maryland at that point, with his cavalry, 1 regiment of infantry and 17 pieces of artillery. The force sent up to drive him back arrived near the town late in the afternoon.

The firing heard was principally from the rebel guns. During the night they recrossed into Virginia, and this morning had disappeared. No one was hurt.

The burying of the dead is still continued at the rate of about 1,000 per day. To-morrow will probably finish it.

Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, were yesterday occupied by a Federal force.

The indications are that the rebels are continuing their retreat into the interior of Virginia, leaving the line of the Potomac.

Divine worship was held at headquarters this evening, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, officiating.

[We judge from the above that our army had not up to Saturday crossed the Potomac in force.—*Ed. Post.*]

The War in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 21.—Reliable advices from Cave City, say that a portion of Gen. Buell's forces attacked and repulsed Bragg's rebel rear guard from Horse Cave, on Thursday evening, upon learning which, Bragg is reported to have moved his main body across the river southward from Munfordville. No further particulars.

There have been several small encounters in various places—some favorable, others unfavorable to the Union cause.

☞ What brigade has *reaped* for itself lasting honors? Sickles' of course.

☞ THE BACK DOOR.—"Sal," cried a girl, looking out of the upper story of a small grocery window, addressing another girl, who was trying to enter at the front door, "We've all been converted; so when you want milk on Sunday, you'll have to come in the back way."

☞ A friend at our elbow says that in meeting a sable son of Africa, yesterday, he was accosted by him thus: "Masse, (taking off his hat,) I doesn't go to Canada now; I stay here, I does! De white gen'l'men de ones goes to Canada now-a-days. Ha! ha! he! he!"

☞ One of the recent Medford (Mass.) volunteers for the three years service is an active, hale, athletic man, 67 years old. He is good for the duty of one man during the war, and means to do it. To the medical examiner he stated his age to be "rising forty-five."

☞ Make your affairs known in the market-place, and one will call them black and another white.

☞ STIRRED UP WITH A LONG POLE.—A German paper relates that many Protestant clergymen in Germany, having complained that persons of both sexes are in the habit of sleeping during the sermon, the beadles, furnished with long wands, are kept moving about the church, lightly touching those whom they catch napping. The plan has been tried with success in the duchy of Saxe-Gotha. It seems a pretty good plan, though open to the charge of cruelty.

☞ Last fall a party of amateur sportsmen started on a bear hunt. They found a trail, and, after a hard day's work, were rewarded for their labor by hearing a low growl in a thicket a few rods ahead, when one of the party suddenly commenced a hasty retreat, remarking that "he hadn't lost any bear, and he'd be shot if he would hunt for one any longer."

"THE LOVED AND LOST."

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost: they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And this we call "a loss;" oh, selfish sorrow,
Oh, selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!
Let us look round some argument to borrow
Why we in patience should await the morrow
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Ay, look upon this dreary, desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell her tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain—
Then pitying spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Oh, rather, bursting into grateful song
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise: death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

FATHERS AND MOTHERS
OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

People of all calibres of temper and understanding have criticised the nineteenth century. They have viewed it from their several stand-points, flattering and flouting, throwing mud or burning incense, as their ideas prompted them. My worthy friend, Professor Velox, has fine things to say in praise of this our epoch—it is, by his dictum, an enlightened age; a most humane, honest, generous period of progress; the fitting vestibule of a millennium of happiness and virtue. My no less worthy friend, the Rev. Laud Oriel, M.A., sorrows over the era—it is, he says, a cold age, heartless, covetous, unbelieving, without anything good or bright about it; a degenerate dwarf, when compared with the mighty centuries which we flippantly call the Dark Ages. And an enthusiast of another order, Danton Smith, that grim student, of Mr. Carlyle's, scorns the age for an age of shams, ridicules its pet theories, and longs for the advent of the coming man—Man with a great M, hero, stage-king, or demagogue, who is to make as short work of us pigmies as King Stork with the frogs.

But whether Velox, or Danton Smith, or Laud Oriel be right or wrong, or partly right and partly wrong, as more often happens when we mortals come to judgment, there is one aspect of the age which they all three overlook—it is a comic age. It may or may not fight better, or do more to feed the hungry and clothe the naked than its predecessors; but one thing it certainly does, and that is—to laugh. This is eminently a laughing century. No cynical laughter, be it understood; no sneering titter, like Voltaire's, in the midst of the mouldering pomps and frauds of old Europe; but a hearty, well-meant explosion of not unkind merriment. Our age can extract food for mirth from almost anything. It declines to accept transparent make-believes with the unquestioning gravity of elder days. No humbug, however solemn and pretentious, is safe from derision. Our grandfathers saw a monarch for instance, through a cloud of royal splendor, a shimmering haze of gold and purple. The dweller in that glorified atmosphere might be hated, but could hardly be ridiculous. We have changed all that. With our modern spectacles, we see right through the radiant mist of prestige—right through the kingly lion's hide; and if we find a long-eared, thistle-cropping animal, masquerading in that legal guise, we laugh at him.

When kings and bishops are made the subject of mirthful comment, it is no wonder that Paterfamilias should be considered as fair game. At first sight, we may think that Thersites himself could not have made much sport of such a theme. Is it really a good joke that a man should be married, and the father of a thriving family? Is a wife so absurd, and are children so preposterous, that their presence should overwhelm an individual citizen with merited ridicule? Or are the true points of attack personal to Paterfamilias himself? We have all made merry over his portrait in *Punch*. We recognize him at a glance. By the sea-side, or asleep in his elbow-chair, or poring over bills in his invaded study, or blockaded by pyramids of luggage on the platform of some railway station, we instantly descry his familiar figure, which seldom fails to call up a smile. That bald head, those bushy whiskers, of the exploded "mutton-chop" pattern, those broad shoulders, and that bewildered, anxious face, could not belong to any other than Paterfamilias. We know his dress even better than his features—the round-cut shooting-jacket for marine holidays, the baggy frock-coat for London wear, the dressing-gown which he is in the habit of draping around him like a Roman toga, the corpulent umbrella, and the respectable square-toed boots. No bachelor, of whatever standing, could possibly wear such boots, could tie his cravat in that flabby bow, or wear a hat so adapted for settling on the back of the head, throwing the organ of benevolence into fine relief.

But what absurdity is there in all this? Is it absurd to be fat, absurd to be middle-aged, to dress after the fashions of one's youth, and by the standard of one's contemporaries? Is it absurd to escort one's daughters to balls and concerts and sea-side piers, to hold conference with Materfamilias about household expenses of juvenile ailments, or to arch one's eyebrows over Miss Caroline's milliner's account or young Hopeful's shoal of college bills? If not, there would seem to be something wanton in the constant shower of shafts which are aimed at that broad target, the British family man. For it is worthy of notice that Paterfamilias is always highly respectable. No scamp, no person of lax morals or irregular habits as to pecuniary transactions, is eligible for such an office. Whatever his faults may be, the typical Briton goes to church, pays his taxes like a man, does his public and private duty, and is honest and open as the day, though a little testy and muddled of brain.

I strongly suspect that Paterfamilias, in thus appearing as Pantaloon on the grand literary and pictorial stage, unconsciously atones for the sins of bygone members of his own world-old class; for there was a time, and that not so very far distant, when Paterfamilias, so to speak, rode rough-shod over the world, and had his own way much more than is good for any of us. Think of the patriarchial system, as it flourished long ago, from Cathay to Connaught, and think how it must have worked. It had merits, of course, but it had the one great defect inherent in all despotisms, that everything depended on the character of the despot. It answered pretty well on a small scale, though with what amount of heart-burnings and smouldering incomplete rebellions we can only guess; but on a large scale, mankind broke away to form feudal kingdoms, republics, anything but the big overgrown family where a master ruled over kindred slaves. Among the Chinese, even now, we find Paterfamilias in tremendous force; his colossal figure overshadows the Flowery Land. Its jurisprudence reflects his image; he is the key-stone of the state-creed in politics and religion, and an ingenious fiction makes the emperor the father of his people. If I, Chin, take a double first degree at the imperial university of Peking, if I fertilize provinces, cut off myriads of Taeping heads, or clear the seas of pirates, my children will not benefit by my rise in life. In China, the wise statesman or brave soldier does not leave a coronet to his offspring; he earns a mandarin button for his ancestors. A man's great deeds are rewarded by ennobling himself, his father, and any given number of grandsires, and the roots, not the twigs, of the family-tree are refreshed by the fountain of honor.

In Turkey, and in most Mohammedan countries, Paterfamilias is truly a sacred being. His sons dare as sooh sit down in his august presence as in that of an unmuzzled lion. His daughters have no choice of their own as to marriage, and his wives he can slipper or divorce, sack or strangle, pretty much as his whim directs. It was in ancient Rome, however, that the paternal power attained its loftiest pitch. Paterfamilias, in toga and sandals, was indeed a household tyrant; his flesh and blood were his absolutely, *a vendre ou a pendre*. He had the power of life and death over his offspring—could inflict stripes, immure in dungeons, sell into slavery. His wretched sons never came of age at all, so far as independence was concerned, neither at twenty-one, as in England, nor at twenty-five, as in France; their nonage was perpetual. A grave Roman of threescore was, in the eyes of Quirital law, an infant, if he had a tottering old parent of eighty, and was unemancipated. The only means by which a just or indulgent father could set his grown-up son at liberty from the overweening tutelage imposed by law, was to sell him to somebody else. A mock-sale was effected, a peppercorn price was paid, the son became the slave first, and then the freedman of a stranger, and presently budded into citizenship. But it was not only over sons and daughters that the master of the house bore full sway; by a pleasant fiction of the Roman code, his wife was regarded as his daughter, and as the sister of her own children, the better to exalt the dignity of her lord. Materfamilias was more a servant than a consort. If she abstracted the keys of the cellaret, and indulged in a comfortable glass of Falernian, she was liable to the same punishment that Fatima incurred at the hands of Bluebeard, and no Selim was likely to avert the scimitar-stroke from her neck. If her housekeeping was too expensive, her temper sour, or her person ugly, she was dismissed without the formality of an application to the Sir Cresswell Cresswell of the period. "Restore the keys," is a curt formula of divorce; but a wife, unless, she were of a noble and powerful family, with uncles in the senate, equestrian kinsmen, and patrician brothers in high office, was more easily got rid of in old Rome than a maid-of-all-work in modern London. The middle ages saw Paterfamilias potent indeed, but a mere shrimp in comparison with his classic prototype.

The wonderful intricacy of the feudal system, playing as it did a kind of moral cat's cradle with the domestic and social relations, abated somewhat of paternal power. An old esquire, an old yeoman or trader, might have a knightly son whose golden spurs entitled him to sit at meat with emperors, and the accolade of chivalry put an end to the *patria potestas*. A lad who had become an aspirant to the honors of knighthood was transferred thoroughly from parent to master, and the heiress was wedded according to the good pleasure of her suzerain, not of her near kinsfolk.

But so late as the last of the Tudor reigns, children stood meekly before their parents, asked their blessing twice a day, craved permission to do whatever they fancied, and took cuffs and hard words with perfect equanimity. Such, at least, was the theory of the time, and the old chroniclers dwelt fondly on the good old custom of breaking the heads, not only of sons, but of daughters, with a corrective walking-staff, and on the monstrous profligacy of those young rebels who sat down unbidden in the presence of father or mother. There was, no doubt, a great deal of buffeting and lecturing on the part of the elders, a great deal of passive submission on that of the younger members of a family. But Master and Miss Goodchild were not ubiquitous, and it is probable that no radical change has taken place in human nature since then. Did not the Conqueror's sons, the sons of Henry II., the son of James III. of Scotland, and many others, levy war against their royal progenitors? Did not wicked Adolf of Gueldres imprison, beat, and cruelly maltreat the poor white-haired old duke, his father? There was more lip-service in bygone days, but perhaps not such a difference as to hearty reverence and honest affection as the Rev. Laud Oriel imagines.

When we get down to the Stuart reigns, to the Georgian reigns, we find Paterfamilias still rather a tremendous personage. His spouse and children paid him homage, even when his personal character suggested any other than reverential emotions. There was Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, that wild, wicked, clever courtier, he who outdid in sins and epigrams the maddest rakes of the time, and who died so meekly and repentantly at last with good Bishop Burnet praying at his bedside. Yet letters from his wife Katharine are extant, in which this man is addressed with adulation, with fond humility, and Scripture phrases, and a tone of pious respect—much such letters as a religious daughter might have addressed to a saintly parent. Was Countess Katharine a hypocrite, then? Or does history lie when she shows us the madcap earl reeling with drink, preaching mock sermons, masquerading as an Italian mountebank, or rioting in the suburbs? Neither, most probably; but Countess Katharine wrote as the *Complete Letter-writer* of her time dictated, and her faithless husband was canonised *ex officio*.

All through the last century, it was customary for well-bred persons to accost their father and mother formally as "Sir" and "Madam," to beg their blessing before a journey, and to feign, or feel extreme deference for their judgment. To argue with a parent was regarded as presumptuous, and even sinful; and the daughter who declined a consort of her mother's choosing, or the son who persisted in selecting his own profession, met with severe blame on all hands. Fathers clung to the horsewhip as a Palladium of authority, and mothers thought nothing of relegating a contumacious child of twenty or so to a locked-up chamber, bread and water, and Tillotson's Sermons. Then came our century and its innovations; down fell, with a great ruin, the discipline of the elder school; its wholesome maxims were forgotten or laughed at; the proverbial phrases it delighted in—as that "Children should be seen and not heard," that "Little boys should not ask questions," and so forth—fell flat upon the ear.

Come when you're called, and do what you're bid;
Shut the door after you, and you'll never be—

Pshaw! what rational infant of our day could endure such miserable doggerel! The emancipation of the nursery, like other emancipations, grew out of education and the progress of ideas. First of all, learning really did, as the Latin grammar tells us it will, make manners milder; secondly, instruction produced confidence. Parents began to respect their well-taught children, who seemed so much older and wiser than they saw their past selves, in the mirror of memory, at the self-same age. Children began to find out, with native quickness, that mamma and papa knew a good deal less of the 'ologies, of French irregular verbs, and modern history, than Master John and Miss Clara did. It was one thing for a son who could not spell to believe in the infallibility of a father who could not read; and another for little Tommy, who can tell how far off the moon is, and who has discovered the Georgium Sidus, and knows "all about" galvanism and photography and the Indo-Germanic languages, and zoophytes and algæ, and much more, to respect the wisdom of a parent who does not know where the Zambesi river is, nor who the False Demetrius was, nor how to make collodion.

We therefore find children freely imparting facts to the authors of their existence, affably setting them right when their impressions are erroneous, and keeping the old folks well posted up in the latest discoveries, improvements, and solving of nature's problems. We find them volunteering their own opinions in the frankest manner, debating, arguing, and pooh-poohing the traditions of antiquity with a vigor which sometimes receives the stigma of "flippancy." The tide sets their way, and the world is with them. Our age is for truth, as opposed to authority, when the two principles clash. The consequences are curious. Did you ever notice the difference between Mrs. Grundy, of the preter-perfect generation, born in 1790, let us say, and Mrs. Grundy, of a later date. The one sails about, magisterial and majestic, with her bevy of grown-up daughters, grown up long ago, alas! at her heels. They are old maids now, but she calls them the "girls," and they have the stiff angularity and starch of the school-room yet. They know little, and never learned to think for themselves, and mamma supplies them with dresses, ideas, pocket-money, and principles. The old lady is mistress of her own house, and never endured a contradiction in the course of her life, nor owned herself mistaken or wrong under any conditions. Now for modern Mrs. Grundy, born too soon to learn the accomplishments of the age, but too late to be indurated in the principles of divine right and awful supremacy. She is a poor bat, neither mouse nor bird. As she goes about with *her* daughters, she always reminds the bystanders of a hen with ducklings. The young birds will take to the water, while she stands clucking unregarded warnings on the bank. She is timid and nervous, her daughters are frank and decided, and have the courageous candor of the century, so different from the self-conscious bashfulness of old days. She admires them, and is rather in awe of them, and they know it. Their Balmoral boots, sea-side jackets, plumed hats, and jaunty cloaks, the skill and daring with which they ride, or bathe, or play croquet, or draw the bow, or dance, their health and vigor, their accomplishments, command of foreign tongues, their taste for ferns, aquariums, and what not, scare the poor women.

She does not command them, does not scold, but remonstrates gently, chaperones them, and goes about with them more like an elder sister of neglected education than as a family chieftainess, as was once the mode. She is not didactic, and is not much put out by being laughed at. Her sons treat her kindly, but would as soon think of asking her blessing, under ordinary circumstances, as they would of begging for that of the Rev. T. Sniffles, the new curate, who blushes when spoken to. Nobody, not even herself, values her opinion very highly. She is loved, but not esteemed an oracle, and I should like to see her bully awful Miss Grinder, the prize governess. And how should it be otherwise? Forty years ago, women were valued for their most passive phases of character. Neutral tints were in demand. They were taught languor, drilled in cowardice, trained into helplessness. They played washy Italian or French airs on feeble-minded pianos; they wept over mawkish poetry; they took no exercise, and simpered inanely when a dandy came up to pay them silly compliments that a girl of our day would laugh at.

And Paterfamilias, how does *he* like the change? Will he, in case of one of those differences which occur in even the best regulated households, fetch the thundering old horsewhip out of its dark lair in the study-corner, and flog little Alfred, as his father before him flogged him when he robbed orchards or stole jam-pots? Certainly not. The very idea is absurd. Flog that bright, noble, little fellow in the black velvet knickerbockers, with those great, solemn eyes, and that bold, frank bearing, a true gentleman of three feet nine inches! For children have much improved, as well as the rest of us. Where, now, is the sulky, gawky, bread-and-butter eating Miss of fourteen, she whose pinafore, and awkward stiffness, and silent stupidity glare upon us from old scrap-books? Where, too, is little Alfred's prototype, that incorrigible Master Tommy or Jacky in the ugly skeleton suit, or the crumpled frill and inky jacket, a boy at once shy and mischievous, troublesome and awkward, who could not answer a stranger, nor look a lady in the face, nor keep out of hot water? You might cane Tommy; he howled, but he was used to it; but little Alfred! upon my word, his honest face and truthful speech might have mollified Mrs. Brownrigg; and besides, Alfred would no more steal apples or jam, than he would purloin John the footman's silver watch that he has left accidentally on the pantry-table.

Yet Paterfamilias has his moments of annoyance. His young son, of whom he is not a little afraid, he seems so old and wise, like a fairy elf changeling, sometimes treads on his corns, morally speaking. The junior now and then usurps the easiest arm-chair, pores over the newspaper when his elder wants it, contradicts the "governor" a little too flatly, and uses odd expressions of Yankee origin, which his father can hardly comprehend. The youth's cigars, his dress, his latch-key, his bachelor-friends, his flights to Norway and the Nile, his politics and his practices, all jar with the traditions of bygone times. He respects his son, is proud of him, perhaps, but would prefer that he were of a different pattern. And he pays his bills when he can, and takes out his daughters to places of polite entertainment, and bears much good-humored quizzing at need. Materfamilias is not on her knees to him any more; she has found him out, and is aware that he knows much less than the olive branches, and not so very much more than herself. So they consult about ways and means, and are on terms of something very near equality, and for every six henpecked husbands there are some half-dozen who rule the roast at home. Paterfamilias, in general, bears his burdens and does his duty manfully and kindly. Not always. We all know some Sir Anthony Absolute, who quarrelled with his offspring till he succeeded in driving his sons out of doors, and in cowing the spirit of his daughters. We may every day see the testy old fellow go down to his club, drumming with his stick upon the pavement, and scowling defiance at society for jostling him. There are some men who drive away their sons quite naturally, as an old cock crows and flaps, and plies his spurs, until he has driven younger chanticleers ignominiously out of the yard. This not seldom occurs when there is an entailed estate, and perhaps a title, which must, willy, nilly, go down to the heir. There are many who grudge a son his enforced succession, who view him as an enemy waiting for their vacant shoes, and who spitefully try to starve him during their own lives. It is notorious that crown-princes are not usually on the best of terms with reigning majesty. The young man may really long and wish for the bright prize, and if he be never so disinterested, there are plenty to buzz suspicion into the monarch's ears—ah! the monarch's ears, or Sir John's, or those of Mr. Mash the eminent brewer, or of Mash's foreman, for flatterers may beset the humblest, where a penny can be turned. But if the old gentleman really do awake from his lethargy to find Prince Hal trying on the diadem before the pier-glass, he may have some right to wince; only he should not believe his dear well-wisher, Backbite, too implicitly, when he says he saw the Prince thus engaged. I fancy that fewer of us long for inheritances than those from whom the heritage must come perhaps imagine.

These latter persons, these banishers of children, and enemies of their own flesh and blood, do not fairly count in the category. True Paterfamilias, blessings on his honest head, never does a cruel thing. He may chide, he may chafe, but he shares his last crust with wife and bairns; he may be puzzled to make both ends meet, but his children love him; and the tears that fall on his coffin when they lay him in his last home are none the less bitter and sincere than if he had been the most peremptory domestic autocrat that medieval Britain ever saw.

THE DEAD PRODIGAL.

Yes, bear him to his father's house;
And on the old familiar bed,
Where first his childhood found repose,
From which his boyhood springing rose,
Lay gently his dishonored head.

For him was no predestined prime;
He was not pure, nor strong nor sage;
Passion obscured the lights of truth,
And brought him age in time of youth,
And death instead of tranquil age.

Of vice the urgent debt is paid;
But shall his folly nurse our pride?
He sinned against the gracious Lord,
Like you and me—and, self abhorred,
He sinned against himself, and died.

Pass by him, man of prudent blood,
With shrinking feet and lifted eyes;
You never sinned against your frame,
Nor cause of scandal gave, or blame,
And he did both—and there he lies.

So weak of will, he never strove
As some against themselves have striven;
So young, so easily beguiled—
Oh, was he not a very child,
Father! to Thee, which art in Heaven?

THE MONKEY AND THE PITCHER-PLANT.

Two brothers, Englishmen, were once travelling on foot from Dondra Head, the southren extremity of the Island of Ceylon, towards Candy, in the interior, about one hundred and twenty miles northward. They started upon their journey very early in the morning, and expected to accomplish it in three or four days, though, as the sun is so exceedingly warm in that country, they intended to rest during the heat of the day under the shade of the many broad leaved palm-trees that grew by the side of the road.

They had travelled some distance when the younger stopped, and, gazing inquiringly around, said, "I surely heard a cry, Robert, as if some one were hurt. Let us look and see what it can be," he added, as a low moan now distinctly reached their ears. It proceeded from a group of cocoa-nut trees that grew on their right hand.

The brothers sprung hastily, but cautiously, forward, and searched carefully around, till at last the elder exclaimed, laughing, "Here it is, Arthur; come and see;" and as his brother turned towards him, he pointed to a monkey, who, having fallen from one of the overhanging branches of the fruit-trees, had hurt himself very severely.

"Poor fellow!" said Arthur; and taking him up, he tore a strip from his handkerchief and bound the wounded limb, and turned to resume his journey, with the monkey in his arms. "You surely," said Robert, "do not intend to take that disgusting animal as your companion to Candy!" "Do you think," replied Arthur, "that I would leave this poor helpless creature to die of his wound? No; he shall be my companion until he is cured, and then he may return as soon as he likes to his home in the forest."

The two brothers travelled on their way, though the elder could not sometimes refrain from joking the other about his *companion*. They had journeyed two days, and were about half-way from the place of their destination, when the heat became exceedingly oppressive, and the numerous springs which had heretofore flowed along the side of the road became dried up, and they began to suffer from want of water. Their strength was failing; they felt as if they could proceed no further; and on the morning of the fourth day, when within about thirty miles of Candy, both brothers sunk down at the foot of a palm-tree, exhausted and parched with thirst.

"Must we die here?" exclaimed Robert, with a groan.

"Trust in God," replied Arthur, raising his eyes towards heaven.

Suddenly the monkey, who was resting at his side, sprang up and ran eagerly along the road, as if he were searching for something. At last he returned, and seizing Arthur by the arm, endeavored to draw him along with him. "How strangely he acts?" said the young man. "What can he have found?" And summoning all his strength, he arose and followed the animal.

When he reached the spot, what met his delighted eyes? There growing in luxuriant abundance, was the silky, downy, pitcher-plant, or monkey-cup; so called on account of its being sought after by those animals for the purpose of quenching their thirst. The flower is the shape of a cup, about six inches in length, and one and a half in diameter; it is furnished with a lid, which opens and shuts with the change of the weather, and is filled with pure water, a secretion from the plant.

The two brothers drank of the water, and were refreshed; and when they at last reached their home, they related to their astonished friends how the monkey had been the means of saving their lives. "Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

THE FRENCH POLICE SYSTEM.

The Commercial Bulletin says:—One circumstance, showing the perfection of the French police system, comes fresh to our memory, and as the party interested was a Bostonian, we will relate it as near as memory will admit. Several years ago the elder Thomas Perkins started from London to cross the channel for Paris—he had with him a large sum of money, which he was to deliver to a certain banking house in Paris. Such was the magnitude of the sum that the utmost secrecy was observed, so that no person should be aware of the fact; the money was taken from the Bank of England but a few moments before departure. Col. Perkins arrived safe in Havre, and congratulated himself upon his safety and that of his treasure thus far. It was his first appearance on French soil; he knew no one, and was entirely dependent upon his letters of introduction. What then was his astonishment on arriving at the gates of Paris, to hear his name familiarly spoken before he had shown his passports, and not only his name but the name of the hotel to which he contemplated going. With true Yankee shrewdness, however, he concealed his astonishment. He had been at the hotel but a short time when three or four persons entered his room, and informed him that they were to hide themselves under his bed; he demanded an explanation, they being in citizen's dress. To his still greater astonishment they informed him of the precise amount of money he had drawn from the Bank of England, to whom he was to pay it—in fact all the particulars of the transaction, so much that it appeared like a revelation. In reply to his questions as to how they knew, they said nothing, they merely informed him that he had intended to put the package under his pillow, and that at a certain hour his room would be broken into and an attempt made to rob him. He was further instructed to carry out his original plan, to appear perfectly unconscious at the time, as though he was asleep, and that all would be right. There was no alternative, he was but one man to four, and he quietly submitted. At the exact time mentioned, he heard a noise at the door of his room, the door was finally forced, the men in the meantime keeping perfectly quiet; the perspiration stood in large, cold drops upon his forehead, but he did not dare to move; the new-comers approached the bed, lifted the pillow with his head upon it, abstracted the treasure, and were about starting for the door, when those under the bed started out and seized them—*they* were the gendarmes. The story was told by Col. Perkins himself at a dinner-table where the late John Quincy Adams was relating an adventure almost similar.

SINGING SANDS AND SOUNDING MOUNTAINS.

Thousands of years ago the pillars of Memnon were famed for giving musical sounds. Sounds like those of bells have been heard, at different localities, to come from the depth of the ocean, and now we hear of musical mountains and singing sands.

Five such localities are already on record. The first is Dschebel Nakus, (Bell Mountain,) upon the peninsula, Sinai, on the shores of the Red Sea, northwestward of the city of Tor. The celebrated traveller, Seetzen, of Oldenburg, was the first European savant who ascended it. He found it consisting of a brittle white sandstone, covered on two sides with loose sand. This sand when brought into motion, produces the sound. The traveller, when ascending, passed over this region of loose sand, and he soon discovered that the noise it made in gliding down the slope became by degrees louder and louder. When he reached the summit such a frightful sound was heard that it shook the whole mountain, and he himself became excited in the highest degree.

Some time afterwards this same mountain was visited by Mr. Gay, of Oxford, and more recently by Mr. Ward, both Englishmen. They give very nearly the same account of this phenomenon. All ascribe the cause to the fact that the sand glides down the bare mountain sides. Ward heard at first only a feeble tone like that of the flute; suddenly it became strong, like that of an organ, and the whole hill began to vibrate. The sound became louder in proportion to the quantity of sand set in motion by the steps of the traveller.

Alexander Burns visited, in 1837, a similar hill. This was the Rey Rawan, (the moving mountain,) which is also about 400 feet high. Its ascent is an incline of about 40 degrees, covered with a layer of sand, surrounded by a still deeper border of lime and sandstone. Gliding down on this sand, it emits a loud, hollow tone, similar to that of a great drum. This was already known in the 15th century. A third mountain of this kind is the "El Bramador," the yelling, barking mountain in Chili, in regard to which Charles Darwin made similar observations.

Charles Mayer, in his book "Towards Sacramento," mentions another to exist in California, and recently a fifth locality of this kind has been discovered by Hugh Miller, upon the small island Eigg, on the western coast of Scotland. According to Miller a geologist of great renown, a stratum of oolite exists on this island. This substance when reduced to sand, becomes a white, mealy mass. Miller observed, that on every step he took, the sand gave a peculiar musical sound. It is, however, not proven that oolite sand alone produces sounds. The above-mentioned Mr. Ward says, that the friction of the sharp-edged grains of siliceous sand, exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, caused the resonant quality of the sand. We must leave the investigation of this matter to scientific men, being confident that they will explain the mystery. To the musician we hope it may be an interesting musical curiosity.

☞ The 73d Illinois regiment is commanded throughout by Methodist preachers.

COMING HOME.

They are coming home, coming home,
Brother and lover, father and son,
Friend and foe—they are coming home
To rest, for their work is done.

They come from hospital, picket and field,
From iron boat, and frowning fort,
In silent companies, slowly wheeled
In the rhythm of a solemn thought.

This was a father of women and men,
Gray-haired, but hale, and strong of limb:
The bayonet dashed, and flashed again,
And the old man's eyes grew dim!

Here was a form of manly grace:
The bomb-shell groaning through the air,
Drenched with his blood a pictured face,
And a curl of silken hair.

This was a bright-eyed, venturesome boy:
Back from the perilous picket-ground
They bore him, waked from his dream of joy
To a ghastly, fatal wound.

And thus for three days lingering,
He talked in wandering, rapid speech
Of mother, and home, and the cooling spring
His lips could almost reach.

They are coming home, but not as they went,
With the flying flag and stirring band,
With the tender word, and messages sent
From the distant, waving hand.

Up the steps, and into the door,
With hidden faces our loved ones come:
We may cry their names out o'er and o'er,
But their pallid lips are dumb.

Oh, friends untimely snatched from hence,
May we find, beyond heaven's lowering dome,
Some blissful future recompense
For this sorrowful coming home!

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN THAT LOVED ME."

CHAPTER II.

I did not again meet Madame Rabenfels. She did not make her appearance the following week at Madame de L——'s. I was restless and unhappy. A longing I could not control would take me to the door of her house, and then when I came in sight of it, a recoil equally strong would oblige me to leave it. I resolutely avoided Auguste. I did not confess to myself that I was in love. I only acknowledged the interest we all feel in one we have wronged and misjudged. I had besides a mystic feeling that our acquaintance would not terminate thus, that our fates were in some way connected. In many ways the name of Madame Rabenfels reached me, and generally with some disparaging remark. Sometimes, however, with enthusiastic praise. Some persons denied indignantly the truth of the reports about her, others in the most unqualified manner classed her with the many unfortunate women placed in an equivocal position from the mere fact of being separated from their husbands. Strangely enough, however, these allusions were to the past life: the present seemed ignored by all but Auguste.

I knew she continued her visits to the Rue du Puits. I often waited for her near her own house, or rather near the garden entrance. I felt happier when I had seen the door close upon her. She was safe. Yet was it torture to me. The hours I spent thus waiting for her were the bitterest of my life. Regret, jealousy, sorrow, compassion, agitated me by turns. I had also a sense through all of my impotence to throw off the yoke which I bore, though it galled my very heart-strings, or to be of the slightest use or consolation to her whatever the grief she endured—and this was very hard to bear.

A week or two passed, and I began to realize through all this suffering the hold this affection had upon me.

One night, or rather morning, I was standing a few yards from her door. I saw her advancing with a slower step than usual. She paused for a moment and leaned against the door before opening it, as if giving herself time for thought, or to recover herself after some overpowering emotion. She clasped her hands together with a gesture of passionate sorrow, and then entered. After the door had closed I was moving onwards when my attention was attracted by something glittering on the ground. I picked it up. It was a bracelet. I went to one of the lamps and held it up to the light. It was an old-fashioned silver chain. It was clasped by a cross, anchor, and heart entwined together. On these was written in large letters—"Volere," "Sapere," "Ardire." On the anchor, in pearls, "Volere;" on the cross, in sapphires, "Sapere;" on the heart, in carbuncles, "Ardire." "To know, to will, to dare." "I will dare," I said to myself, and went to the door. Before I could look about for a bell to ring, or a fastening to undo, it suddenly opened, and Madame Rabenfels stood before me.

"My bracelet!" she exclaimed.

I put it into her hand.

"You do not know how you have served me," she said. "This is a talisman; but how did you know it was mine?"

I felt that I crimsoned to the very temples.

"I have observed it on your arm—I was passing—"

We were standing near the door of the garden. At that moment a quick step ran up the path, and a woman servant rushed up to us and spoke to her mistress in Italian. She was evidently the bearer of some important and unpleasant news, for she was crying and in the greatest agitation. Though I understand Italian perfectly, she spoke so low and so rapidly that I could only hear that some one had arrived.

"My brother!" exclaimed Madame Rabenfels, and put out her hand as if for support.

She trembled from head to foot. I placed her arm in mine, and she moved on almost unconsciously, as it seemed to me, towards the house.

My presentiments were true. We were in what seemed the crisis of her fate—together! The dark sky stooped low over us, and held a pall as it were over both; the thick trees waved their branches around us, and united us in their embrace; the weeds over which we trod, and which continually impeded our progress, grasped at us as they would have linked us in one chain.

She did not speak. We soon reached the house. She still leant upon my arm, and I accompanied her up-stairs. The landing-place of the stairs was a gallery into which several doors opened. One of these doors was suddenly and violently opened, and a man in the dress of a Roman ecclesiastic met us.

"I have come, Santa," he said, but stopped when he saw me. He took her from me, looked at me from head to foot, re-entered the room he had left, and would have shut the door in my face I believe, but she recovered herself with an effort, and almost drew me in after her. Alas! she instinctively clung to the presence which was friendly to her.

"Santa—" he again exclaimed, and then paused.

"When did you arrive, Giovanni?"

"Shortly after midnight. I sent for Annunziata, and after a thousand subterfuges and lies, discovered you were out, and—"

"Here I am; but what has caused this sudden journey, and why did you wait for me? They would have prepared a room for you in a moment."

"Your husband has sent for you—he has been dangerously ill—he is willing—" but he interrupted himself almost fiercely—"I do not think it necessary to include a stranger in our conversation. Is this Rupert Rabenfels? If so, I have a message for him also."

"It is not Rupert Rabenfels. This is a friend. But I agree with you he should be spared this miserable scene which I foresee."

She bade me farewell—her hand lingered in mine for a moment, it was as cold as ice.

As I slowly descended the stairs, I saw a woman seated on one of the steps, apparently in a convulsion of grief. It was the maid Annunziata. She started up as I approached her.

"My good sir, why did you leave them? He will kill her with his violence: she is so good—an angel—and to be *tribolata così—un vero martirio*—they are all devils, all of them—husband, brother, Rupert, all of them."

A question rose within me—who is Rupert? but I suppressed it.

"Now that her husband is ill, he wants her." And she sobbed with childish impetuosity.

I tried to console her. She suddenly started up.

"I will not let you go, till he has left her."

She seized my hand and dragged me after her, before I could prevent her, through a corridor, up and down various passages, till she brought me into a small, dark room. To my surprise she closed the door, locked it, and put the key into her pocket.

"There," she said in a breathless undertone, and moved slightly a heavy curtain which masked a door; the door was open, and to my horror—for playing the eavesdropper was not my vocation—I found myself next to the room in which were Madame Rabenfels and her brother.

I turned away: Annunziata had seated herself on the ground, covered her face with her apron to stifle her sobs, and was rocking herself to and fro. If I tried to pass her she would be sure to make a disturbance, and thus create the difficulty I would have laid down my life to avoid. Yet it was terrible to become the secret witness of this scene, although there was a kind of fatal fascination in it, I confess. Two human beings of such strong passions and energies, struggling in what seemed a storm of fate, so much sorrow and beauty in one, so much anger and reproach in the other, and both giving free scope to their feelings with Italian eloquence and demonstrativeness, would have interested the most indifferent spectator. What must it have been to me, who felt my love (I had at last acknowledged to myself that it was love) was being tried there, as before a tribunal, to be dismissed as guilty, or acquitted as innocent? Was she married? Had she been divorced? Was she free? Their voices reached me distinctly as if I had been in the same room.

"Ferdinand will forgive the past."

"Forgive—grant me patience;—do not mistake me for a moment, Giovanni; I stand where the condemnation or absolution of Ferdinand cannot reach me. I throw from me that word forgiveness as a reproach."

I saw her erect, superb, defiant; she stood before him like a flame, thrilling with an indignation which words seemed powerless to express.

"Santa, you are mad."

"Not yet, Giovanni; I shall be driven so perhaps."

"A woman owes submission, obedience, humility to her husband."

"Her husband owes protection, love, fidelity to her. There is no tampering with these reciprocal duties. Think not I would make his broken faith an excuse, had I broken mine. Thank God, the evil of others has not produced evil in me—but how could I yield when I was commanded to sin? how could I obey when guilt was enforced upon me? how could I humble myself when my husband had sunk into such an abyss of moral inferiority? Even in your tame interpretation of conjugal duties, there is a flaw here. Who was it exposed me to a perilous temptation, when I would have fled from it? Who sought to force me back to endure it? And because I would not swerve from my duties, abandoned me in the bloom and inexperience of my youth, to solitude, calumny, sorrow? Hear me, Giovanni, I will return with you, I will put a veil over the past—but do not talk of forgiveness."

"And Rupert Rabenfels?"

I saw her shrink back as if a weapon had reached her.

"Does your conscience speak there?"

My heart bled for her (writhing as I was with a sense of bitter impotent jealousy) when I saw her burst into a flood of tears and sink helpless into a chair.

"Did not your own words condemn you there? And since then, what has been your life? Instead of penance, mortification, self-denial, have you not led a worldly life, incessantly occupied with all which feeds the pride of the eye, the vain glory of the intellect, and the corrupt enjoyment of the senses?"

He looked round the room: it was sumptuously furnished, and bore striking evidence in its pictures, its statues, its books, its flowers, of the artistic and costly tastes of its mistress. "I have striven," she said, "humbly to fill up the void of my existence by the cultivation of tastes and powers for which I must render an account, and which you, Giovanni, in our young days, (have you forgotten them?) encouraged and cherished."

"It is no longer to my sister I speak," said the priest, brutally. "I have no ties with the world; I am one of those who have forsaken father and mother, sisters and brethren, for God."

She started up (beautiful in her anger)—"Hypocrite! the God for whom you have forsaken your human ties, is ambition! Had I consented to gratify you and my husband by sinning against my own soul, *you* would not have broken your ties with your sister,—*he*, his obligations towards his wife; but," and her voice sank into an inexpressible mournfulness, "recrimination is of no use; you and I have drifted too far apart to be able to understand each other, but, after all, let us not forget we are brother and sister." How did the tender, warm heart subdue the fiery spirit! I felt the moisture rise in my own eyes as I listened.

"You are prepared, then, to accompany me to Rome to morrow?"

"To-morrow! No."

"Why not?"

"No matter" (faintly;) "a day or two I must have—"

"You have partings, I suppose?" (contemptuously.)

"Giovanni," said she, gravely, "you have insulted me long enough. Had not the same mother borne us, you should repent the longest day you live the words you have said to-night."

"Will you deny that Rupert Rabenfels is in Paris, and that you must see him before you go?"

Again she sank down on her seat, overcome, vanquished by that fatal name.

"Oh!" she murmured, "to think that one human being can so torture another." There was a pause, then she spoke in a hollow, broken voice—"I must end this, I feel it is killing me. Yes, Rupert is in Paris—I must see him once more."

"Shameless, and yet you have denied?"

"I deny everything," she said, passionately.

"Yet you must see him again—and you said there was no love between you."

"I swear," she said, wildly, "by this sacred, representation of our faith," she touched what looked like a casket upon the table, "that Rupert hates me even more than my husband does, even more than you do." There was such a piercing grief in her tone that her brother was silenced. "Now let us part," she said, "I need repose." She pointed to the door opposite to where I stood, and crest-fallen and subdued, the haughty priest left the room.

I waited only till the door had closed upon him, and lifting the curtain, had entered the room, and was at her feet almost before she was conscious of my presence. I poured out before her apologies, protestations, excuses for having overheard so unintentionally the scene between her brother and herself, offers of service, assurances of my admiration, reverence, and of my most respectful love. I could have said with Balzac's hero—"Je sens en moi le desir d'occuper ma vie a vous faire oublier vos chagrins, a vous aimer pour tous ceux qui vous ont haie ou blessee." I pleaded too earnestly not to be believed. Passion gave me eloquence—impulse—fire! My soul spoke to her soul and was understood.

I thought not of myself. May I not lay claim to a certain heroism in thus entirely ignoring, absorbed as I was in the impulse of chivalric devotion which stirred through my whole being and cast me at her feet, that the words I had heard that night cut up by the roots all the fond dreams of my love—Santa was married! my love, my suffering, my passion were vain. But, alas! not vain, if it were to be my privilege to serve her.

Annunziata had rushed in behind me, and with rapid words and more rapid exclamations, accused herself and praised herself in one breath, for the precaution she had taken of keeping me. Gradually I saw Madame Rabenfels' countenance soften and relax from the set, stern expression it had assumed on my entrance. She gave me her hand.

"I thank you," she said, "from my heart for these kind words. I feel you are my friend. I am only sorry that this poor woman's unthinking affection for me should have detained you so long. I will now say farewell; but I owe to you, I owe to myself, some explanations of this scene; you shall have it. I will write to you. All women when accused assert they are more sinned against than sinning. God knows I am aware of sins which have merited and found their punishment; but the accusations which have been made against me are false, and the particular misconduct which has been attributed to me is the last of which I could be guilty. To sin is always to suffer; but, alas! to suffer is not always to sin."

Her eyes fell on the casket on the table; it was a small triptych. On the left-hand leaf was the Virgin and Child; on the right hand the Virgin by the Cross; in the centre an Assumption. There was a vague resemblance in the figure of the Virgin to the woman beside me. I was to be reminded of this still more a little later.

I left her. I had a fierce longing to carry on the struggle which was warring in my heart of hearts, in solitude. If it were defeat, if it were victory, I was best alone.

I am one of those natures to whom pain is an excitement. In battle I could have continued fighting, insensible to wounds, till, riddled through and through with shot, I at last dropped down dead. The very anguish I suffered as I looked on this woman whom I had so loved, and who I must love no more, made me brave. My words were no vain, false cant. I would have literally died to make Santa happy. The self in me was destroyed as a worm is crushed beneath an iron heel.

There was that about Santa which repelled at once and forever the thought of a sinful love. No evil could enter precincts hallowed by her presence. Goodness and a kind of crystalline passionlessness were the atmosphere of her being, and influenced all who approached her. Santa might love tenderly, fervently, deeply; but passionately—in the usual meaning of the word—never. Looking at her, the union of virgin purity and a warm, all-embracing motherhood was intelligible.

From the moment her grave eyes had met mine, and she had said, "I feel you are my friend," there was no appeal possible. With the word "friend" she barred, as with a sword, the entrance into the Eden of Love.

CHAPTER III.

The next evening, as I sat alone in my room in a tumult of feeling, I suddenly took the resolution of going to the Rue du Puits. I feared she might need protection, that the priest might follow her, that she herself, exhausted as she appeared, might require assistance; but under all these good reasons I gave myself for going, the real motive was the passionate longing I had to see her once again. Must it all end thus?" Had her eyes met mine, had my hand touched hers, for the last time? Would that presence which had fulfilled life for me never rise before me again? And yet what did it all avail? In a few brief days we should be separated, and perhaps for ever. The clocks, as they told the hour, had a mournful, funereal sound, and each time they struck my nerves I felt an acute physical pain. At midnight I went out. I reached the house. I rang; the porter admitted me, and I found myself in a small paved court. I walked boldly on. The faint glimmer of a lamp which swung across from wall to wall showed me where the stairs began. I ascended one or two and looked up. As well as I could pierce the darkness, I could make out that the stairs were in short flights, divided by landing-places on which opened the doors of the rooms of the several floors.

"I will wait," I thought; "if she be not yet arrived, I shall see her as she passes up-stairs, if not, I will wait till she comes down. If I have not courage to speak to her, her dress may touch me for a moment; in short, I shall be near her once more."

The house was a very noisy one. I heard a voice just above me, singing in a hoarse falsetto shrill tone a gay love song. It was a woman's voice, and grated on the ears; the words were so mirthful, the tone so despairing. I heard loud talking, and a noise of plates and glasses as of persons supping, in some other room. In one quite near me I could hear a child's sobs, evidently crying from pain or illness, every now and then stifled, as if some manual check had been administered to it.

My sense of hearing became at last painfully on the stretch. I think I should have heard the slightest sound on the topmost stair.

I had thus waited about an hour, when suddenly I heard a step slowly descending the stairs in a faltering, hesitating manner. I felt my heart beat. There was a pause on each landing-place as if there was a difficulty in getting further. Suddenly, there was a longer one. I thought I had been mistaken in my apprehension, deceived in my yearning. I then heard a fall. I rushed up two flights, and there, at my feet, I saw a woman had fallen. It was Santa. She had fainted. I carried her down stairs, and knocked gently at the porter's door. Grumblingly he opened it; a bribe stopped his questions. I sent him for a fiacre and placed Madame Rabenfels on a miserable chair, the only one in the room. We were alone. I chafed her hands, loosened her bonnet, unfastened her mantle—but all seemed useless. She was as if dead. I was alarmed. I did not dare to send for a doctor, secrecy being evidently of importance to her. The time passed, I waited breathlessly—she had been insensible for hours—so long that the day was already dawning with a sickly light. The porter had returned with the fiacre, but had merely put his head in to announce it, and, muttering words I did not hear, had ascended the stairs and had not returned. The house was more quiet, but at times a bell had sounded and I had performed the office of porter, and pulled the string which opened the door. At last, with a few tremulous shivers, she shuddered back to life; the grey shadow passed from her face, and she opened her eyes with a forlorn, wandering, woful look which I shall never forget. She did not move or speak, while I, as well as I could, put on her cloak and bonnet, but when I was preparing to lift her into the carriage, she asked in a faint, broken voice, the hour.

"Six," I answered.

She put out her hand.

"It must be all over. I must go upstairs," she said.

"Impossible; you cannot stand."

"With you," she said faintly.

I could not oppose the pleading of that voice. Alas! what right had I to oppose it? We ascended the stairs. On the fourth landing-place she left my arm, and opened the door resolutely. It was a poor room, and I was surprised at first to see it full of light. Only for a moment. I could see, as I stood on the threshold, reflected fanwise on the ceiling, the seven luminous spots of light that shone from the seven lights below round the bed. On it was a corpse. I saw the outline of a figure, but a sheet covered it. A priest in the corner of the room was reading some prayers.

Madame Rabenfels had fallen on her knees beside the bed. After a while, she rose and uncovered the face. She stooped over it with a gesture and expression which would have convinced me at once and for ever, had I had a doubt left, that whatever mysterious tie might subsist between her and that poor clay, it was not the tie of guilty love.

At that supreme moment of sorrow there could be no feigning. No sister ever kissed her brother, no mother ever pressed her lips to the pale brow of her son, with more pure or more holy affection. She then looked round the room once more, and left it without a word.

I supported her in silence into the carriage. She sank back, and I could hear her weeping convulsively. I have never witnessed such tears; they were mingled with such sobs, such faint cries, such deep sad sighs. The heart must have been well nigh broken from which such a manifestation of grief could proceed.

The carriage stopped at some little distance from her usual entrance into her house. I dismissed it. She would not let me accompany her farther than the door. She wrung my hand in silence, and entered.

Two days afterwards a servant brought me a packet and a letter. His mistress had left Paris. This, then, was her farewell; that farewell is shrined in my soul. With the letter were enclosed some closely-written sheets which contained her history. I will transcribe it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S INCONSISTENCIES.

Because my Lady's eyes are tender blue,
And her sweet face is framed in golden hair,
I straightway vow, and ready am to swear,
No woman can be lovely if not fair!
Yet if my Love were dark, I should declare
Beauty was dark,—and I should mean it too;

Protesting that I only loved brown eyes,
Doted on hair black as the raven's wing;
And I should make me sonnets, and should sing
In sweetest tones, my Lady hearkening,
Praise, oft-repeated, of the self-same thing:
In truth, Love does not make us overwise.

Yea, if my Lady bent her brows to frown,
I should maintain her loveliness too rare,
Too perfect, for so slight a thing to mar;
And I should say her frown was sweeter far
Than all the smiles of other women are,
And more became her than a golden crown.

But since my Love is gentle, meek, and fair,
And smiles on me, her lover, graciously;
And when I come, receives me lovingly;
And when I go, parts from me tenderly,
Saying, "When wilt thou come again to me?"
It needs must be that I praise golden hair,

And for her sake praise blue eyes, and fair brows,
As sweetest, purest, loveliest, and best;
Most womanly, most winning; prettiest,
And dearest every way;—and for the rest—
The other eyes and hair, nor blue, nor fair—
Despise them all? And so I end my vows.

A. DONALDSON.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF EDMUND BURKE.

When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons to speak, the first peculiarity which caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble-looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense, rather than massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent, fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imagining power. His nose, which was as straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened out into two powerful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one set in the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke, his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body a picture of living energy.—*No. British Review.*

☞ A good-natured fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, felt very poor one day, and was complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure and I'll tell ye how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman. "Pray how?" "Lind money to the poor devils, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will ever trouble you again."

☞ THE GREAT WEST.—The West raised 230,000 men for the first grand army of 600,000, and it now has to duplicate the number to fill the call for 600,000.

STUDY FOR THE TWO SEXES.

The Ohio Educational Monthly for August gives a full report of the proceedings of the Ohio Teachers' Association, at its late meeting in Mount Vernon. The place of the President's Inaugural was supplied by an address by the Rev. Dr. Hill, lately of Antioch College, on "The Course of Study for the Different Sexes in a Liberal Education." The Monthly gives the following careful abstract of this address, which was that delivered by Dr. Hill as a baccalaureate at Antioch:

"Dr. Hill founded his arguments principally upon the axioms of Jouffroy, that the duty of a being depends upon its destination, and that its destination can be determined from its organization. From which he argued that the character of the education to be given to a youth should be modified somewhat in conformity with the natural capacities and tastes of the pupil, and in conformity with his destined or chosen pursuit in life.

"He next showed that women in general and on the average differ from the average of men, and have a different work destined for them in life: whence he argued that their education should be different.

"The education of a young man ought, in general, to fit him for supremacy over outward nature, and for intercourse with his fellow-men in the broader and more superficial relations of business and politics. The education of a young woman ought, in general, to fit her for the control of young children, and for intercourse with her fellow-beings in the more restricted, but deeper, relations of family and friendship. Hence her studies should be more æsthetical and ethical, his more scientifical and mathematical. He should be instructed in modes of research after truth, she in modes of teaching truth discovered. His artistic tastes and religious sentiments should not be neglected, but the most care must be bestowed upon the cultivation of his intellectual powers and his executive abilities. Her powers of study and her native energies are not to be neglected, but her tastes and sentiments and moral principles are to be most carefully developed.

"These and other differences in the education of the two sexes, are required by the tastes and capacities of woman, and also to the fact that to her is entrusted almost altogether the care of all mankind in those tender years when, according to the views of all educators, the character is formed.

"But these differences create a difficulty in the way of having both sexes at the same college. This plan has many patent advantages, but also the great disadvantage of giving young women an education not so good as they require. Whether it shall be possible for a college to have elective studies so arranged as to fulfil perfectly all the requirements for giving both sexes the best education, was a question which Dr. Hill was not prepared to pronounce upon. Of two things, however, he was certain; that a course of studies, prepared for the needs of the majority of young men is not well adapted for the needs of the majority of young women; and, secondly, that the thorough physical, intellectual, moral, and religious education of young women is of as high importance to mankind as the education of young men, since the world always has been very much what the mothers of mankind have made it; and the law cannot be evaded in the future, that the child follows the condition of the mother. And since, at present, the best teachers are to be found in colleges adapted principally to young men, he thought young women who desired the services of the best teachers, should be allowed to attend such institutions, but not encouraged to do so, unless a proper election of studies were provided for.

"The above outline presents briefly the argument which run through this able and scholarly address; but the soul of the performance has eluded us in the process of condensation. The address presented an exhaustive analysis of the powers and capacities of the two sexes, and critical and discriminative delineations of their different spheres of action and of duty. The argument was thoroughly metaphysical, yet clear and forcible."

DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.

It is not twenty-five years since the distance of a fixed star was measured. This was a star of the sixth magnitude, in the constellation of Cygnus, and its parallax was found to be less than four-tenths of a second of space, which corresponds with a distance of 502,200 mean distances of the earth from the sun, and which requires a period of nine years for the transmission of its light.

This great feat was accomplished in 1840, by that illustrious, self-taught astronomer and mathematician Frederich Wilhelm Bessel, after three years untiring application to the problem, and constituted an important epoch in the history of sidereal astronomy.

The nearest fixed star yet known is Alpha Centauri, a star of the first magnitude in the southren hemisphere. This star is nearly twenty millions of miles from our sun; a distance which would require nearly three years for its light to reach us.

It was formerly supposed that the larger stars were much nearer to us than the fainter ones; but this is found not to be the case with all of them. The nearest star is of the first magnitude, yet there are stars of the fifth and sixth magnitudes, which are a great deal nearer to us than many of the first. The bright star Capella, which is of the first magnitude, is farther from us than the pole star, which is the third. This last named star is so distant, that if it were now annihilated, it would still serve as a guide to the mariner for a quarter of a century. Among the innumerable stars which the telescope discloses to us, there may be those whose light is hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years in travelling down to our system.—*Tuttle in the New Jerusalem Magazine.*

☞ Is there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when it turns over a new leaf?

THE GREAT BATTLE OF SHARPSBURG.

Fought on Wednesday, Sep. 17th.

OUR MOVEMENTS ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

[About the clearest account of the great battle of Wednesday, the 17th, is the following, from a correspondent of the *Daily Tribune*:]

BATTLE FIELD OF SHARPSBURG, MD.)
Wednesday evening, Sep. 17, 1862. (

The greatest battle of the war was fought to-day, lasting from daylight till dark, and closing without decisive result. The whole forces of McClellan and Lee were engaged for fourteen hours. Two hundred thousand men have fought with the utmost determination on both sides. Neither can claim a complete victory, but McClellan has partially carried the rebel position, holding most favorable ground for renewing the attack, and holding all the ground which was gained at any time during the fight.

All our own dead and wounded, and many of the enemy's, are in our hands.

On the left of the rebel position, Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin, have crossed Antietam Creek, and have driven the enemy from the ground they choose to cover their flanks in front of our batteries, and troops have steadily advanced and occupy to-night a range of hills considerably beyond those first taken.

On the rebel right, they have lost the bridge over the creek, which was carried after a hard fight, and Burnside has crossed with all his forces.

The result of the day's fight, therefore, is that the rebels have everywhere lost ground, their position is contracted, both flanks attacked with success, and their rear and only line of retreat seriously threatened.

After the brilliant victory on Sunday at South Mountain, near Middletown, McClellan pushed his army rapidly forward, sending cavalry and artillery out on the Hagerstown road, Burnside through Fox Gap to the Sharpsburg road, and the rest of his forces through Boonsborough to Keedysville, and thence toward Sharpsburg.

On the crest of the hill this side of Sharpsburg, the enemy were discovered in great force. Their troops had been brought down from Hagerstown, up from Harper's Ferry, and part of the army held in Virginia as reserve. Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, Hill, and all the best generals left with them were there, and with all of their best troops.

Except occasional artillery contests, the armies faced each other in quiet during the rest on Monday.

On Tuesday there was no movement on our side till toward night. The rebels had kept batteries in position, but their infantry was withdrawn from view, and it was still uncertain whether they were retreating or re-enforcing.

About 4 in the afternoon of Tuesday, Hooker was ordered across Antietam Creek, at the upper ford on the right, with his whole corps, attack the enemy's left and occupy a position on their flank. He crossed without opposition, sent forward cavalry skirmishers who were speedily driven back, and then, advancing with his whole force about 6, took possession of strong ground, close to the rebel's left, and immediately became engaged with artillery and infantry. Darkness ended the fight with slight loss on either side, Hooker carrying and holding the woods from which the enemy's fire first came.

There were constant alarms during the night, the hostile pickets being close to each other all along the line. Early in the evening the rebels took to fighting among themselves, and several heavy volleys were delivered there before they discovered their mistake.

At daybreak the fight was renewed suddenly and vehemently, both sides opening fire together. The number and position of the rebel batteries the evening before had disclosed that they were in great force on the right, and word had been sent to McClellan to advance Sumner's corps during the night. It did not arrive on the field till 9 in the morning.

McClellan's plan of battle was briefly as follows: Hooker was to cross the creek on the right, as before stated; Sumner, Franklin, and Mansfield to co-operate with and sustain his attack. In front the batteries were to push forward with infantry supports, and effort to be made to carry the heights on the left. Burnside was to cross the creek by the bridge, and attack the rebel right, moving on Sharpsburg also, which was in their rear, and thus cut off their retreat. Porter and Sykes were held in reserve. The plan, if successful, must result not merely in the defeat but destruction or surrender of the rebel army. The ground is peculiar.

The rebel line was formed on a crescent-shaped ridge, which in front slopes down into an undulating valley irregularly broken by connecting ranges of hills. Behind the crest the rebel forces lay in uneven and strong positions, sheltered by ridges and hills, and especially strong on the flanks. Antietam Creek, a stream too deep to be forded except in very few places, sweeps by the base of their position and protected it from assault.

McClellan's forces were first formed in front, afterward thrown to the right and left. There is little or no ground on our side equal in height to the rebel position.

Hooker sustained, unaided, the attack on the rebel left force nearly four hours. His line had been formed the night before and fought to-day in the same order. Ricketts's division was on the left, Meade's Pennsylvania Reserves in the centre, Doubleday's division on the right. These terms are, of course, to be understood as referring only to Hooker's line, not to the whole field. There was artillery at all points. Meade gained ground in his first attack.

Ricketts also went forward through the woods in his front, and Doubleday, with his guns, held front against a heavy cannonade. Meade advancing, finally met a heavy body of fresh troops thrown suddenly and vigorously against him and was driven back over part of the ground he had just won. Ricketts's line was at the same time hard pressed and became deserted. Mansfield, who had come over the creek the night before, was ordered into the woods to Ricketts's support, and Hartsuff's brigade, part of Doubleday's command, was sent to sustain Meade. Mansfield took the greatest part of his troops to Ricketts's help, but they were unable to extend their line, and in the effort to push forward his men, Gen. Mansfield was mortally wounded. Gen. Hartsuff advanced to the relief of Meade with the 12th and 13th Massachusetts and another regiment. The Pennsylvania troops were retiring in haste and some confusion. Hartsuff seized a bridge in front of the field over which the rebels were pressing, and held it in splendid style for more than half an hour against a greatly superior attack. His men behaved most gallantly, standing on this exposed ground firing steadily and never wavering once.

Gen. Hartsuff was very soon severely wounded. His troops retained their position, and finally by the precision and rapidity of their fire, compelling the enemy to retreat instantly, advanced in pursuit, while they had been engaged. Hooker ordered up Crawford's and Gordon's brigades to their support. Hartsuff retained the advance, and Crawford and Gordon followed in support.

A rebel battery on the right, which had been most annoying by an enfilading fire, was about the same time silenced by Doubleday's guns, and Hooker ordered his whole line forward.

The rebels were driven through the cornfield again into the woods beyond where they could not easily be dislodged without artillery. Gen. Hooker, who all the morning had kept himself under fire and generally in the hottest of it, rode forward to examine the ground in front in order to plant a battery. As he rode up the hill he became a conspicuous mark for the rebel sharpshooters; their fire increased very suddenly and Gen. Hooker was wounded in the left foot, a bullet passing entirely through it. The wound was excessively severe and painful, and he was compelled to leave the field. Three men were shot down by his side at the same moment he was wounded.

Up to this time the attack has been a success. The hardest fought ground was in the undisputed possession of Hooker's troops, and his last order, as he was borne from the field was, that Crawford's and Gordon's brigades should immediately advance and carry the woods to the right. The whole line had gone forward with the wildest cheering, and everything looked like a complete and speedy success. At this fortunate moment Gen. Sumner arrived on the field at the head of his veteran corps. Pursuing the forward movement, he led his men immediately against the rebel line and to the support of Crawford. Sedgwick's division, the flower of the Peninsula army, advanced on the right, Richardson and French at a considerable interval of the left. The first volley from Sedgwick's troops was tremendous, but it was answered by a heavier one.

Crawford had found the rebels in great force in the woods, and was already in need of assistance. Sedgwick's flank also became exposed on the left in consequence of the distance between him and the other divisions.

The rebels perceived their advantages, and at the same time pressing Crawford and attacking on Sedgwick's broke Crawford's line, which fell back in confusion on Sedgwick. The 34th New York on the left was forced to give way at the same time, and the woods was yielded to the enemy.

Gen. Sedgwick was severely wounded in the shoulder, leg and wrist, but refused to leave the field till his division retired.

Gen. Howard then took command, and ordered the division in the rear. Major Sedgwick, aid of Gen. Sedgwick, was shot through the body, but is not mortally wounded. Many of the regiments suffered most severely. The 15th Mass. lost nine out of seventeen officers. Col. Hinks, of the 19th Mass., was killed. Col. Wistar, 1st California, was severely wounded. The 34th New York could gather but thirty four men when rallied.

French and Richardson meantime held a position well to the left and less in advance, and kept it. Gen. Richardson, not long after, was severely wounded in the shoulder while leading a bolting regiment. Gen. Dana, of Sedgwick's division, was wounded, but not severely. Gen. Sumner found himself obliged by this reverse to withdraw his lines to their first position, where he held them firmly. He had been exposed during all the action to the hottest of the fire. Col. Revere, of his staff, was wounded in the arm; Capt. Audenried in the leg.

Gen. Franklin arrived with his corps about 1 o'clock, sending Gen. Slocum's division to the left and in front. Gen. Smith's was advanced over the same ground which had just been lost. His gallant Maine and Vermont troops went in at double quick, driving the rebels before them, and on the fences and beyond the woods, and again took the point, this time not to be given up. This was accomplished by 3 o'clock.

Meanwhile the forces in front of the whole line had been gaining some ground. Hard fighting all along the line has continued at intervals through the day. French and Slocum were well toward the centre. It was time to hear from Burnside, who had been long delayed in his effort to carry the bridge.

At 4 o'clock, McClellan sent orders to Burnside to cross at once, at all hazards, and capture or silence the battery in front. The bridge was captured in gallant style, but with the loss of Col. Kingsbury and 500 killed and wounded. Burnside, when once across, advanced on the rebel right, along the Sharpsburg road and up the slopes of the hill. A position of great importance was carried at first by his impetuous attack, but was afterward abandoned, as the rebels were able to bring ten heavy masses of troops from the centre and left to oppose Burnside.

Our attack on the left having ceased for the time, Sumner and Franklin were ordered by McClellan to hold their own, and the advance of Burnside was relied on to decide the day. Darkness was near before he was over the creek, and the forces against him too strong for his numbers. He, therefore, was obliged to content himself with defending the brigade and his position beyond, and the final attack was postponed till to-morrow. The fire on both sides died away gradually, and at 7 o'clock the battle was over for the day. Its results I have stated above. It was everywhere very desperately contested, and the loss on both sides is very large. Ten generals on our side are killed and wounded. The whole number cannot be less than 10,000.

Maj Gen. Hooker, wounded in foot severely.
Maj.-Gen. Sedgwick, wounded severely in shoulder, wrist and leg.
Maj.-Gen. Rodman, mortally wounded.
Maj.-Gen. Richardson, wounded in shoulder seriously.
Brig.-Gen. Mansfield, mortally wounded and died.
Brig.-Gen. Hartsuff, severely.
Brig.-Gen. Dana, slightly.
Brig.-Gen. Weber.
Brig.-Gen. Meagher.
Brig.-Gen. Duryea.

ON THE LEFT.

[Another correspondent of the *Tribune* gives the following spirited description of Burnside's movement on the left:]

Meantime where was Burnside, and what was he doing? On the right, where I had spent the day until 2 o'clock, little was known of the general fortunes of the field. We had heard Porter's guns in the centre, but nothing from Burnside on the left. The distance was too great to distinguish the sound of his artillery from Porter's left. There was no immediate prospect of more fighting on the right, and I left the field, which, all day long, had seen the most obstinate contest of the war, and rode over to McClellan's headquarters. The different battle-fields were shut out from each other's view, but all partially visible from the central hill which Gen. McClellan had occupied during the day. But I was more than ever impressed, on returning, with the completely deceitful appearance of the ground the rebels had chosen when viewed from the front.

Hooker's and Sumner's struggle had been carried on over an uneven and wooded surface, their own line of battle extending in a semi-circle not less than a mile and a half. Perhaps a better notion of their position can be got by considering their right, centre and left, as forming three sides of a square. So long, therefore, as either wing was driven back the centre became exposed to a very dangerous enfilading fire, and the further the centre was advanced the worse off it was, unless the lines on its side and rear were firmly held. This formation resulted originally from the efforts of the enemy to turn both flanks. Hooker, at the very outset, threw his column so far into the centre of the rebel lines that they were compelled to threaten him on the flank to secure their own centre.

Nothing of all this was perceptible from the hills in front. Some directions of the rebel lines had been disclosed by the smoke of their guns, but the whole interior formation of the country beyond the hills was completely concealed. When McClellan arranged his order of battle, it must have been upon information, or have been left to his corps and division commanders to discover for themselves.

Up to 3 o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that to the observer it appeared as if McClellan's plans must have been seriously disarranged. It is impossible not to suppose that the attacks on the right and left were meant in a measure to correspond, for otherwise the enemy had only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops and push them against Burnside.

Here was the difference between Smith and Burnside. The former did his work at once, and lost all his men at once—that is, all whom he lost at all; Burnside seems to have attacked cautiously, in order to save his men, and sending successively insufficient forces against a position of strength, distributed his loss over a greater period of time, but yet lost none the less in the end.

Finally, at 4 o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneously orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the left, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from Gen. Sumner that, if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve.

Franklin, thereupon, was directed to run no risk of losing his present position, and, instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breadth of the fields in front, supporting them with heavy columns of infantry, and attacking with energy the rebel batteries immediately opposed to him. His movement was a success, so far as it went, the batteries maintaining their new ground, and sensibly affecting the steadiness of the rebel fire. That being once accomplished, and all hazard of the right being again forced back having been dispelled, the movement of Burnside became at once the turning-point of success, and the fate of the day depended on him.

How extraordinary the situation was may be judged from a moment's consideration of the facts. It is understood that from the outset Burnside's attack was expected to be decisive, as it certainly must have been if things went well elsewhere, and if he succeeded in establishing himself on the Sharpsburg road in the rebel rear.

Gens. Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin, and Mansfield, were all sent to the right three miles away, while Porter seems to have done double duty with his single corps in front, both supporting the batteries and holding himself in reserve. With all this immense force on the right, but 16,000 men were given to Burnside for the decisive movement of the day.

Still more unfortunate in its results was the total failure of these separate attacks on the right and left to sustain, or in any manner co-operate with each other. Burnside hesitated for hours in front of the bridge which should have been carried at once by a *coup de main*. Meantime, Hooker had been fighting for four hours with various fortune, but final success. Sumner had come up too late to join in the decisive attack which his earlier arrival would probably have turned into a complete success; and Franklin reached the scene only when Sumner had been repulsed. Probably before his arrival the rebels had transferred a considerable number of troops to their right to meet the attack of Burnside, the direction of which was then suspected or developed.

Attacking first with one regiment, then with two, and delaying both for artillery, Burnside was not over the bridge before two o'clock—perhaps not till three. He advanced slowly up the slopes in his front, his batteries in rear covering, to some extent, the movements of the infantry. A desperate fight was going on in a deep ravine on his right, the rebel batteries were in full play, and, apparently, very annoying and destructive, while heavy columns of rebel troops were plainly visible, advancing, as if careless of concealment, along the road and over the hills in the direction of Burnside's forces. It was at this point of time that McClellan sent him the order above given.

Burnside obeyed it most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them, with rapidity and the most determined vigor, straight up the hill in front, on top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of McClellan's position, and as Franklin, on the other side, sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries which Porter supported were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right and hill-top, ridge and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning, and now this whole magnificent, unequalled scene shone with the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all hidden, the fate of the Republic hanging on the hour—could any one be insensible of its grandeur?

There are two hills on the left of the road, the farthest the lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the farthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, more entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up long, dark lanes, and broad, dark recesses, being plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hillside.

The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man, or half a dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns on the hill above, send an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road, high ground about them everywhere except in rear.

In another moment a rebel battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses.

There is a halt; the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field; the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up. Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack. He defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass, for the last half hour, has seldom been turned away from the left.

He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed; needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where 15,000 troops are lying, he turns a half questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below; are fresh and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both Generals. "They are the only reserves of the army; and they cannot be spared."

McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road; a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when everything may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General.

Burnside's messenger rode up. His message is, "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I cannot hold my position for half an hour." McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly:—"Tell General Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry."

Then, as the messenger was riding away, he called him back. "Tell him if he *cannot* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half-an-hour of day light is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces; how vital to the safety of the army and the nation was those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz-John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on; their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased and the field was still.

The peril came very near, but it has passed, and in spite of the peril, at the close the day was partly a success; not a victory, but an advantage had been gained. Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin held all the ground they had gained, and Burnside still held the bridge and his position beyond. Everything was favorable for a renewal of the fight in the morning. If the plan of the battle is sound there is every reason why McClellan should win it. He may choose to postpone the battle to await his reinforcements.

The rebels may choose to retire while it is possible. Fatigue on both sides might delay the deciding battle, yet if the enemy means to fight at all, he cannot afford to delay. His reinforcements may be coming, but where are his supplies? His losses are enormous. His troops have been massed in woods and hollows, where artillery has had its most terrible effect. Ours have been deployed and scattered. From infantry fire there is less difference.

It is hard to estimate losses on a field of such extent, but I think ours cannot be less than six thousand killed and wounded—it may be much greater. Prisoners have been taken from the enemy; I hear of a regiment captured entire, but I doubt it. All the prisoners whom I saw, agree in saying that the whole army is there. Hill and Longstreet are either killed or prisoners.

Official Despatches from Gen. McClellan.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sept. 19, 1862—8 o'clock, A. M.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

—But little occurred yesterday, except skirmishing last night.

The enemy abandoned his position, leaving his dead and wounded in the field. We are again in pursuit.

I do not yet know whether he is falling back to an interior position or crossing the river. We may safely claim a victory.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Sept. 19—10 A. M.

To Henry W. Halleck, General-in-chief:

Pleasanton is driving the enemy across the river.

Our victory is complete.

The enemy is driven back into Virginia.

Maryland and Pennsylvania are safe.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
Major-General.

ENGLISH HARVEST.—The harvest reports from all parts of England have been received, and the news is not regarded with cheerfulness by the journals. The London News, in one of its Trade and Financial articles, says: "The wheat crop in England generally is below an average; that most of the other crops are relatively better than wheat, but that the deficiency in the latter will not be thereby compensated, and that, consequently, we shall have to import more than the usual quantity of foreign grain between the present date and next harvest. Those persons who have already formed an opinion that the harvest is a short one, expresses gloomy anticipations respecting the course of affairs during the coming winter, more especially having regard to the condition of the manufacturing population and to the dearth of cotton. Upon this latter point, as before stated, we fear that the worst forebodings now entertained will be realized, for the raw material of the greatest of our manufacturers is absolutely not to be had at any price. The prospect is constantly becoming darker." France must also import largely, her harvests having fallen below the average.

REPORTED SURRENDER OF MUMFORDSVILLE, KY.—INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 19.—Adjutant Hanson, of the 17th Indiana regiment, who escaped from Mumfordsville immediately after its surrender, has reached here. He reports that the garrison, numbering from four to five thousand men, comprising 17th, 15th, 16th, 67th, and 69th Indiana regiments, one company of cavalry, and ten pieces of artillery, was made to surrender on Wednesday, being completely surrounded by Bragg's forces, which were estimated at 30,000. Our loss in killed and wounded was 50. The rebels acknowledge a loss of 700 on Sunday.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—A special dispatch from Cincinnati to the N. Y. Herald says:—"Private advices from Louisville, via Indianapolis, deny the truth of the report of the surrender at Mumfordsville. They assert that nothing is known of it in that city."

GUERILLA PARTIES.

Dr. Lieber, at the request of Major-General Halleck, the General-in-Chief, has just published a tract on "Guerilla Parties, considered with reference to the Laws and Usages of War." It has been ordered by the War Department that the treatise be printed for distribution in the army.

After learnedly discussing the various designations under which, at different times, desultory war has been waged, Dr. Lieber brings the discussion to the following conclusions:—

"When guerilla parties aid the main army of a belligerent, it will be difficult for the captor of guerilla-men to decide at once whether they are regular partisans, distinctly authorized by their own government; and it would seem that we are borne out by the conduct of the most humane belligerents in recent times, and by many of the modern writers, if the rule be laid down, that guerilla-men, when captured in fair fight and open warfare, should be treated as the regular partizan is, until special crimes, such as murder, or the killing of prisoners, or the sacking of places, are proved upon them; leaving the question of self constitution unexamined.

"The law of war, however, would not extend a similar favor to small bodies of armed country people, near the lines, whose very smallness shows that they must resort to occasional fighting and the occasional assuming of peaceful habits, and to brigandage. The law of war would still less favor them when they trespass within the hostile lines to commit devastation, rapine, or destruction. Every European army has treated such persons, and it seems to me would continue, even in the improved state of the present usages of war, to treat them as brigands, whatever prudential mercy might decide upon in single cases. This latter consideration cannot be discussed here; it does not appertain to the law of war.

"It has been stated already that the armed prowler, the so-called bushwacker, is a simple assassin, and will thus always be considered by soldier and citizen; and we have likewise seen that the armed bands that rise in a district fairly occupied by military force, or in the rear of an army, are universally considered, if captured, brigands, and not prisoners of war. They unite the four-fold character of the spy, the brigand, the assassin, and the rebel, and cannot—indeed it must be supposed will not—expect to be treated as a fair enemy of the regular war. They know what a hazardous career they enter upon when they take up arms, and that, were the case reversed, they would surely not grant the privileges of regular warfare to persons who should thus rise in their rear."

CHIPS.

The reason why trout are so sharp sighted, is, that they all wear *spare.*

What's in a Name?—The homeliest of all the African race are the Bonney tribe.

Doing wonders on the English Railroads.—Our American Train.

Question for a Debating Society.—Ought Joseph to be considered a "sporting man because he understood Pharaoh?"

It has been said that the animal food supplied to our army, is very inferior; but the soldiers declare that the beef is *bully.*

Circumstances alter Cases.—If a man slaps your face, you knock him down, while you never think of resenting a *smack on the lips* from a woman.

Late and Important from the Army of the Potomac.—*Roll calls* have been incessant since the establishment of the new Government bakeries.

Pleasant Weather for Sausage Makers.—When it "rains cats and dogs."

Work has been stopped on many brick and stone edifices, but fabrics of cotton are going up all over the country.

Adding Insult to Injury.—To be called a fool is bad enough; but a stutterer makes the thing worse by calling you a foo-foo-fool.

In unruly families, as well as at sea, *mid-dem squalls* are often succeeded by a *spanking* breeze, and then comes a calm.

A first-rate place to colonize the Contrabands.—Nigger-agua.—*Yankee Notions.*

A COMMON TERM BEAUTIFULLY DEFINED.—An old soldier in lately appealing to his son to go and fight for the Government and the Union, said: "Perhaps you have never thought what your country means. It is all that surrounds you—all that has brought you up and fed you—all that you have loved. This country that you see—these houses, these trees, those girls who go along there laughing—this is your country! The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live—this is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the remembrances she has left you, the earth where she rests—this is your country! You see it, you breathe it, everywhere. Think to yourself of your rights and duties, your affections and your wants, your past and your present blessings; write them all under a single name—and that name will be *your country.* We owe it all that we are, and he who enjoys the advantage of having a free country, and does not accept the burdens of it forfeits his honor, and is a bad citizen. Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother. Your country is in danger."

☞ An eccentric gentleman, whose connection with revivals has made his name familiar in all parts of the land, preached in the vicinity of New York recently. Among many peculiar things he said in his prayer, this sentence occurred:—"Oh, Lord, show us the spot where Nebuchadnezzar was pastured, that we may turn out that arch rebel, Jeff. Davis, therein."

☞ Question for doctors of divinity—When St. Luke was full of holy zeal, was he lukewarm?

The Surrender of Harper's Ferry.

Skirmishing commenced on Maryland Heights Thursday afternoon, continuing three hours. The battle was renewed again on Friday morning at daybreak. Our forces held their ground until about noon, when, being flanked on the left, they were compelled to fall back to the large guns. Not long after these were spiked, and the whole command retreated down the mountain.

On Sunday the enemy commenced a fierce cannonading from the Maryland and Loudon Heights, which were replied to by our own. It continued until sunset, our guns holding their own in fine style. During Sunday night the rebels planted more guns, and in the morning opened in all directions on our forces, drawn up in line of battle on Bolivar Heights. It was useless to contend against such overwhelming odds, being surrounded by 100,000 men, and 7 different batteries firing upon us. The white flag was raised at twenty minutes past seven. But a few moments later, Col. Miles was struck by a piece of shell, which carried away his left thigh. "My God! I am hit!" he exclaimed, and fell into the arms of his aid-de-camp.

The terms of capitulation were remarkably liberal, the officers being allowed to go paroled with sidearms and private property, and the privates everything save equipments and guns. The commands which surrendered were:—

Col. Downye, 3rd Maryland Home Brigade	600	65th Illinois	650
		Grobin's Battery	110
Col. Maleby, 1st Maryland Home Brigade	600	McGrath's	115
		15th Indiana	143
115th New York	1,000	Philly's N. Y. Battery	120
126th New York	1,000	Potts' Battery	100
39th New York	580	Rigby's Battery	100
111th New York	1,000	Scattered Companies	50
125th New York	1,000	Officers connected with Headquart'rs and Commissary Department	50
32nd Ohio	650		
12th N. York S. M.	500		
87th Ohio	900		
9th Vermont	800		

The following guns were surrendered:—

12 3-inch rifles.	6 12-pounders.
6 James' rifles.	4 12-pound howitzers.
6 24-pound howitzers.	2 10-inch Dahlgrens.
4 20-pound Parrott guns.	1 50-pound Parrott.
	6 6-pound guns.

There were about 2,300 cavalry in the command, all of whom, except about forty, escaped about eight o'clock on Sunday night, and cut their way through to Greencastle with but little loss.

The balance of the troops, numbering nearly twelve thousand, with Gen. White's command from Martinsburg, were all surrendered, and afterwards paroled.

Gen. House captured an Aid-de-Camp of Gen. Stuart on Monday afternoon, who was making his way from Harper's Ferry to Boonsboro' with a despatch from Gen. Jackson to Gen. Lee, announcing the capitulation of the place. The Aid supposed Gen. Lee was at Boonsboro', which was in our possession.

This was the first intimation of the surrender which our General received. At the time Gen. Franklin was within three hours march of the Ferry, going to the relief of the beleaguered command, whither he had been sent by Gen. McClellan as soon as he received the despatch from Col. Miles on Monday morning that he was in danger.

NEWS ITEMS.

A PROCLAMATION TO BE ISSUED BY THE PRESIDENT.—A Washington correspondent writes that long interviews have been held by Mr. Lincoln with leading Northern statesmen, to whom he submits his well-developed ideas for a proclamation, which, when issued, will end the war and its cause. When success shall have again crowned our arms, this important document may be confidently expected.

A SUIT was recently brought against the Monroe Co. (N. Y.) Agricultural Society to recover a premium offered for fast horses, which suit was carried to the County court, and it was decided against the plaintiff on the ground that all "running, trotting, or pacing horses, for any bet or stakes, in money, goods, or other valuable things, or for any reward to be given the owner or rider, is racing, and racing is unlawful."

IT is not known in official quarters, as recently reported, that Charleston has been invested, nor that there is sufficient force in that vicinity to make such an effort successful.

IRON GUNPOWDER.—Mr. F. Gomez, of New York, has invented a new gunpowder, the principal ingredient of which is iron. He claims that it is more powerful than the kind now used, is less liable to burst the gun, and makes less smoke and heat.

THE number of militia offered to Governor Curtin for state defence up to last Saturday, was 60,000. More were pouring in.

GARIBALDI'S wounds are very serious. No disposition of him has yet been made. He had requested to be embarked on an English vessel.

KENTUCKY.—It is said that the preparations now actively consummating will not only insure the safety of Louisville and speedily clear Louisville of her rebel invaders.

ALL the Pennsylvania troops that were stationed at Chambersburg have been sent to Hagerstown and Boonsboro. A company from Philadelphia refused to go over the line, whereupon General Reynolds told them they might go home and be damned, and disgrace forever would rest on their shoulders. After receiving this reprimand they finally went over. Later advices say it was a company from Lancaster, and not from Philadelphia. Most of the militia are urgent to go forward and participate in the fighting.

THE INDIANS.—Little Crow, chief of the hostile Sioux, has sent a letter to Colonel Sibley, asking for terms of peace, and saying that his white prisoners are as well treated as his own people. Friendly letters have also been received from other Sioux chiefs, who denounce Little Crow as the cause of all the trouble. It is evident that the Sioux are divided and quarreling. Colonel Sibley requests Little Crow to give up his prisoners, and tells the others that he will meet them. The Chippowas has made a treaty of peace, and are more friendly and better satisfied than for many years.

AN EXCELLENT IMPROMPTU STYPTIC.—"There is one thing I would like you to put in some of the papers. It might relieve some of the poor fellows on the battle-fields before they can get surgical assistance. I read of the remedy in an old agricultural paper, and tried it, with perfect success in two instances: one a heifer severely gashed in its legs by being driven through the bushes over a hog-bed, and another on a cat, torn by dogs. The remedy is to hold the wounded limb over the smoke of burning leather. It is very simple, and would, I know, save much suffering. I wish every one who goes to a battle-field to assist the wounded would bear it in mind and try it; it might prevent mortification. The remedy is so easily obtained, too; for on a battle-field there is plenty of leather fragments, such as straps, shoes, saddles, &c.

☞ PERFECTION.—Some one says, "It is well that we are not all perfect; for if we were, we should be so intolerably proud of it, that there would be no getting along with us."

THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

The Subject Canvassed in the Rebel Congress.

AN AGGRESSIVE POLICY.

Onward Movement of our Armies.

[From the Richmond Whig of the 13th inst.]

Mr. Hilton, of Florida, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred the message of the President, communicating the despatches of General Lee relative to the late victories, and the resolution of yesterday in relation to the movement of our armies across the Potomac, reported the following substitute for the said resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of Congress and the country are eminently due and are hereby tendered to Gen. Robert E. Lee and the officers and men under his command for their late brilliant victory, culminating in the signal defeat of the combined forces of the enemy in the two great battles of Manassas.

Resolved, That Congress has heard with profound satisfaction of the triumphant crossing of the Potomac by our victorious army, and assured of the wisdom of that masterly movement could repose with entire confidence on the distinguished skill of the commanding general, and the valor of his troops under favor of the Great Ruler of nations to achieve new triumphs, to relieve oppressed Maryland, and advance our standard into the territory of the enemy.

Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to Gen. Lee, and the officers and men under his command.

Mr. Lyons, of Va., moved to strike out that portion of the resolution which refers to the advance of our standard into the enemy's country. He approved the movement of our armies thus far, and thought a resolution of thanks eminently proper; but if it were passed with the words proposed to be stricken out, it would be an invitation from Congress to advance into the enemy's country, and that was a responsibility which, for one, he was not prepared to assume.

Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, said that the whole country had literally rung with the cry for the onward movement; the press had been loud in, he might almost say, denunciations of our officers for not pursuing an aggressive policy. And now that it was commenced, there ought to be some general expression of opinion with the greatest warmth which we are capable, of our hearty co-operation in pursuing the enemy to his own confines, and with strong arms pluck fortune from the enemy's soil. This is but approving of a plan, which it will be an honor to carry out, and what he believed was the wish of the people of the country. Let Congress, if needs be, pander to public opinion, if they will so term it, but carry the war into the enemy's country; let them bleed and let them feel the horrors of war. Why then oppose this resolution? Is this just, is this generous to the brave soldiers who are fighting our battles?

Mr. Lyons said that the gentleman from South Carolina had entirely misunderstood him, and unintentionally misrepresented him. He approved of the thanks to General Lee. He approved of the passage of the Potomac into Maryland, but there he must stop in his approbation.

Mr. Miles regretted that he had misrepresented the gentlemen, still he must differ with him in his view which he now stated. He did not know what he meant by saying that he was in favor of nothing more than crossing the Potomac, unless he meant to say that we must still carry on the war with the defensive policy. Shall we not retaliate upon an enemy who have outraged all the laws of a civilized community? In the prosecution of this war they had overrun our territory, and pursued a course of barbarity unprecedented in the history of warfare; and are we to hesitate when we have the power to retaliate, and inflicted upon them the injuries which they inflict upon us? The gentleman from Virginia was not, he said, prepared at this moment to do anything than vote thanks. He certainly had not looked at the phraseology of the resolution. He (Mr. Miles) did not expect the armies to accomplish impossibilities. We will relieve oppressed Maryland, and our victorious armies will march onward into the territory of the foe. "Is," said the speaker, "is there a heart here that will not bound with exultation at the very thought? Shall we undertake the policy, and then pause because we might not be able to carry it out? Our generals are bravely pressing onward, and we ought to back them up in their resolution.

If gentlemen are anxious to make this a test question, I am prepared to meet the issue. Let us, then, give that meaning to the resolution. I am willing to vote for what is in the resolution. That resolution was carefully worded, and the Committee had carefully endeavored to avoid anything that might give rise to any debate. I am as averse as any man to have Congress to indicate what shall be the conduct of the war. I think it would be most unwise, it would be most impolitic, in the legislative branch of the Government to attempt to conduct the war. But it is eminently just and proper—it is pre-eminently our duty as representatives of the people—to indicate what are the wishes and desires of the people, and what is the determination of the people. It is the determination of the people of the Confederate states to retaliate, to free themselves, to drive their oppressors back into their own territory, and let our swords gleam and our banners float over their soil; make them bleed, and strike the dagger to their hearts. We do not propose a war of conquest, but we do propose a war of invasion. I do believe it as the true policy of war to strike wherever you find a weak point within your own limits or on the soil of the enemy.

Mr. Lyons—Do you believe that we could safely go into the heart of the North?

Mr. Miles—I say promptly, yes! I was told by a general, for whose opinion I know the gentleman from Virginia has a high regard, that give Jackson one half of our present army, and although there were six hundred thousand men in the field, he would drive them all before him. I believe now is the time to strike the blow. The regular armies of McClellan and Pope are unable to make one-fifth of the number they ought to be. I did not intend, Mr. Speaker, thus to trespass on the House, but after what our armies have accomplished, and with their successes before me, I could not allow the amendment of the gentleman from Virginia to pass without making my protest against it. If the House is induced to strike out the words indicated, it will create, with the public and the country, the erroneous idea that Congress does not favor, what I believe the country desires, an aggressive policy.

Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, had hoped that the cry of "popular sentiment" would never be brought into this House. He hoped that no one representing popular sentiment would undertake to carry on the war.

Mr. Moore, of Kentucky—Does the gentleman expect to carry on this war against popular sentiment? [Laughter.]

Mr. Conrad—No; but if we allow politicians and gentlemen on this floor so carry on this war, defeat and disaster will inevitably overtake us. I do hope that popular clamor will not find its way into this hall.

Mr. Miles—We do not undertake to legislate as to the *conduct* of the war—*the policy* is a very different matter. The conduct of the war belongs to the generals, while the policy belongs to the statesmen. I do not want a general to tell me what the object of a war is—the *policy* is the *purpose* of the war.

Mr. Conrad said he congratulated himself that the gentleman was not in command of General Jackson's army. This body was not fit to carry on war, or to conduct a revolution, and why undertake it? He believed the opinion of the public and the whole community at large would support him in it.

Mr. Foote—The gentleman has expressed great contempt for public opinion, and he should not quote it. [Great laughter.]

Mr. Ayer, of South Carolina—I simply desire to say that this House will but express the popular desire in reference to the conduct of the war by the passage of the resolution; and, having expressed that desire, they will leave the rest to the discretion of the War Department and to the generals in command. It is the desire of the people that the war should be carried into the enemy's country.

Mirabeau, the French philosopher, said that the only way to conduct a successful revolution was "to dare, to dare again, and still to dare," and I wish this army, this people of ours, the Executive, "to dare, to dare again, and still to dare," and dare at once. We have tried the opposite policy long; it has been partially successful. But now is the time to make the enemy suffer—to make them bleed and feel the iron heel of war. I believe we can do it—at least I am willing to make the experiment. We have battled long on our own territory, and now is the time to cease, and I speak the sentiment of at least my own constituents when I say, go into the enemy's country.

"Go with banner, brand and bow,
As foeman meets his mortal foe."

Mr. Foot called the question on Mr. Lyons' motion to strike out the words "advance our banners into the enemy's country."

The question was ordered and the yeas and nays being called, resulted as follows: yeas 29, nays 62.

So the motion was lost.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, said that he took the floor with great reluctance; but as he would be compelled to vote against the resolution in its present form, he must enter his protest of disapprobation against this policy. It is said that the policy ought to have been changed before, that the people were clamorous. The opinion of the people is not always wise; the voice of the people is not always the right voice; the people are very often wrong. If he was informed by every man in the state of Alabama that the onward policy was the right policy, he would tell him that he was wrong, and he would take the consequences of telling him that. The gentleman from South Carolina would make out that the people had forced an unwilling Administration to adopt this policy, and that the President of the Confederate states was opposed to it. Now, is it wise that a man who has rendered himself illustrious as a military leader as well as a civilian, should be hastened forward and made to yield to popular clamor? Our troops have already achieved great victories, and the success of our arms has been marked by triumphs unparalleled in the history of nations. Yet the House was told by the gentleman from South Carolina that it must back up the resolution of the Administration. It is a question yet as to whether we shall be able to hold Maryland. We have never been invited to enter Maryland, and we do not know how we shall be received. When our armies entered Kentucky, where we had been invited to go, we had to meet Kentuckians steel to steel and knee to knee, and we were driven out by Kentuckians. This ill-fated move lost us Nashville, and led to a series of other disasters until the great valley of the Mississippi was lost.

Mr. Hodge, of Kentucky, stated the position of Kentucky at the time the Confederate army entered and took possession of Columbus. The state had attempted to preserve neutrality; the Northern men with a determination to break it when they got the opportunity; the Southern men preserving it as their only hope, their only alternative between having their country devastated, or waiting till the Northern Government violated the neutrality, and gave the Southern army an opportunity to come in with a semblance of right. And it was with feelings of sad and fearful forebodings that they heard that the Confederates had violated this neutrality by occupying Columbus.

Mr. Hodge went on to describe, in the most eloquent language, the passage of the Kentucky troops from the soil of Kentucky when they knew that their state was about to be turned into an *aceldama*, a field of blood. He called attention to the fact that President Davis, Sidney Johnston, and John C. Breckinridge, the first men of the nation, were from the state of Kentucky. He said that every battle-field, particularly Shiloh and Baton Rouge, were white with the bones of Kentucky's dead.

Mr. Machen, of Kentucky, said that renegade Tennesseans and treacherous Kentuckians had formed in the state under the Federal flag before the Confederate forces had occupied Columbus.

Messrs. Wright, of Tennessee, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky, also stated substantially the same facts as above written.

Mr. Foote spoke in answer to Mr. Smith, of Alabama, and brought history to support the invasive policy. The voice of the people is the voice of God, and should be listened to.

The yeas and nays were called on the passage of the second resolution. Passed—yeas 63, nays 15.

Mr. Jones moved to amend the title of the bill, so as to read as follows: Resolution indicating the policy of the war, and Congressional order number one. The motion was lost.

The resolution was passed—yeas 56, nays 18.

On motion of Mr. Foote, the House adjourned.

A FOIL IN CASE OF CAPTURE.—Our paymasters in the army and navy have mainly adopted a plan of preventing their money from falling into the hands of the enemy in case of capture. Ex-Police Lieut. Hampton, now an assistant U. S. paymaster, has a contrivance that beats them all. Specie is no longer lugged about. The postage currency and "green backs" are easier of transportation. He carries this money in a large square valise, divided into compartments. The valise is lined with material akin to fulminating paper. A fuse is so arranged that by turning a small screw the contents of the valise are in a moment set on fire and consumed. Nothing can extinguish the flames. The day when paymasters carried around big iron chests is gone by for the present. So also is the day when money chests are to be captured by an enemy.—*North American.*

GENERAL POPE telegraphs from the West that the Indian difficulties in Minnesota are more formidable than he anticipated. He asks for authority to have two regiments of volunteers mounted, to pursue the Indian war parties. Part of the eleven thousand men surrendered at Harper's Ferry, by Col. Miles and Gen. White, are to be sent to the West to be used against the Indians. They can at once be made useful, and they could not serve against the rebels for some time to come.

NEWS ITEMS.

GOV. RAMSAY, of Minnesota, in his message to the Legislature on the 9th instant, estimates the number killed in course of the Indian atrocities to be five hundred. All the wealth of the districts over which the spoiler has swept has been wantonly sacrificed, and thirty thousand people have been involved in the consequences. To cover this loss the Governor suggests that the United States Government be petitioned to appropriate the annuities due the Minnesota Indians, amounting to $2,000,000, for the benefit of the losers.

ATTORNEY GENERAL BATES, at the request of Secretary Smith, gives his opinion that the third section of the Pension Act of 1862, entitles the mother of a deceased soldier to a pension, whether she be married or a widow, provided she was dependent upon him for support, in whole or in part, and the question whether she was so dependent, and how far, is one of facts, to be decided in each case by evidence.

THE U. S. gunboat Essex, Com. Porter, recently ran down the Mississippi to New Orleans, past the batteries at Vicksburg. She shelled Natchez until that town hoisted the United States flag, silenced a rebel battery at Port Hudson, and destroyed Bayou Sara. The rebel ten-inch balls broke against the iron sides of the Essex—doing her no injury.

OUR FRUIT CROP.—The crop of fruit in north-western Pennsylvania this season is immense, and of every variety. In some places the apple-crop is so large that no more than two-thirds of it will be gathered.

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR WATERMELON RINDS.—Take them, after you cut out the pulp or core for eating, and cut them up nice (as the Philadelphians do everything,) and put them into a stone pot or jar; boil your sugar, as thick as syrup, pour it boiling hot over the fruit, and close as soon as you can, in order to exclude the air, and you will have sweetmeats fit for a nabob. If you wish to preserve any other fruit, simply pierce it with a knife, so that the syrup can penetrate it, as salt does meat.

A FULL requisition for a regiment calls for the following articles of clothing and equipment:—1,015 great coats, 1,015 trowsers, 1,015 blouses, 1,015 bootees, 1,015 caps, 2,030 shirts, 4,030 stockings, 2,030 great coat straps, 1,015 knapsacks, 1,015 haversacks, 1,015 canteens, 930 privates' coats, 343 mess pans, 68 Sibley tents, 28 Wall tents, 179 common tents, 1 hospital tent, 162 axes with handles, 161 hatchets with handles, 136 pickaxes with handles, 136 spades, 136 camp kettles, 20 bugles, 10 drums, 10 fifes, 10 camp colors, 1 national color.

FATAL ILLNESS OF KOSSUTH.—A Scottish newspaper states that "poor Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is in the final stage of consumption, and that probably before many weeks pass away a noble country will have to weep for the loss of one of her noblest and most gifted men."

INFATUATION.—The wife of John Sickles, a resident of Wharton township, Fayette county, Pa., in order to prevent her husband from enlisting, cut off the two front fingers of his right hand with an axe. It is said he had told her he was determined to enlist, which so excited her that she resolved at once to render him incompetent to bear arms, and, during the night, while he was in a deep sleep, she drew his hand to the bed rail and dropped the axe carefully on his fingers taking them clean off at the first joint.

NEW ORDER.—All transportation of coin or bullion to any state or section heretofore declared to be in insurrection, is absolutely prohibited, except for military purposes and under military orders, or under the special license of the Secretary of the Treasury. And no payment of gold or silver shall be made for cotton or other merchandize, within any such state or section, and all cotton or other merchandize purchased or paid for therein, directly or indirectly in gold or silver, shall be forfeited to the United States.

DIRECTIONS FOR BANDAGES.—Bandages should be made from cotton which has been washed; any old cotton which will bear a hard pull will answer the purpose. They should be from three to six inches in width, and from four to ten yards in length. They should be pieced by lapping one end over the other and sewing the pieces securely; the edges need not be turned in. No selvages or hard seams should be allowed on them.

IT is with much regret that we notice the death at Baden Baden, Germany, of Mr. John Borie Bohlen, of this city, son of the late Gen. Bohlen. Both father and son died upon the same day, August 23, the one in battle, the other in a foreign land.

THE Richmond Whig has learned from official sources that the expenditures of the Confederate government from its inauguration to August 1, 1862, amount to $347,272,958 85.

THE recent heavy rain was very light on the Upper Potomac, and had barely a visible effect on the body of water in that stream. All the fords are in good crossing condition.

LINT.—The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal publishes an article stating that lint is of but little use in surgery, and recommending that the ladies discontinue their lint-picking operations, and go to work making bandages and articles of clothing for hospital inmates, as the means of doing much more good. The application of lint to wounds is said to be one of the exploded practices of old science.

MATRIMONY IN MICHIGAN.—The Hinsdale paper has the following advertisement:—

Notice.—Whereas, my husband, Israel A. Hale, when a boy of twenty I took him in, a dirty, ragged thing, sick and without a home or friends, furnishing him clothes, spending money, and a home. After working early and late to get him mended, clean and clothed, he has gone to live with his par and mar. I forbid any body harboring or trusting him on my account, for I shall pay no more debts of his contracting. ADELINE HALE.

MAKE HIM A GENERAL.—We have no idea of interfering in the matter of military promotions, but we submit that Orderly Sergeant Green, of Hawkins's Zouaves, has shown a better title to the star of a brigadier-general than one half of those who wear that decoration. When menaced by a force of 1,400, and he could muster only 300, he did not think of surrendering or retreating, or hiding behind defences. He instantly advanced, met his foes, and in a fair fight routed them. Who can show a better record than that, all things considered? It is something of a leap to be sure, from sergeant to general, but an officer who is so extraordinary faithful and efficient over a few soldiers may be safely trusted with many. At any rate, Orderly Sergeant Green should be invited to "go up higher."

THE ARMY CORPS AND THEIR COMMANDERS.—In accordance with an order recently issued by the direction of the President, the several army corps will now stand as follows:

First Army Corps	Major Gen.	Hooker.
Second "	"	Sumner.
Third "	"	Heintzelman.
Fourth "	"	Keyes.
Fifth "	"	Fitz John Porter.
Sixth "	"	Franklin.
Seventh "	"	Dix.
Eighth "	"	Wool.
Ninth "	"	Burnside.
Tenth "	"	Mitchell.
Eleventh "	"	Sedgwick.
Twelfth "	"	Sigel.

COMFORTING A WIFE.—A good thing came off on Tuesday when the Corn Exchange's last corps left Philadelphia for Harrisburg. Among the men was one who had a young wife. While they were waiting at Second and Dock streets for the order to march, the young wife was taking leave of her husband, in accents broken, and eyes that lay bedewed in tears, like violets in a summer shower. The man caressed her, but the tears still started; he told her of the patriotism and munificence of the Corn Exchange Association, yet the liquid crystals continued to fall; he told her of the country's danger, but her anguish remained unsoothed. At last he appeared weary of his endeavors and tried another tack. "Sally," said he, "Sally, quit crying. You see what the Corn Exchange has done. They've paid you my bounty, fitted me out, and everything."

"Yes," the girl sobbed, "but—"

"But what?"

"But if you get killed, what then?"

"Why—" The man hesitated for a moment until a lucky thought struck him—"Why then the Corn Exchange will *find you another husband!*"

The ludicrousness of this idea changed the current of the girl's feelings, and a smile wreathed her pretty mouth and dimples in a manner that was pleasant to behold. The last tear rolled away, and as the word "forward" was given she gave the young recruit a last kiss, and departed in good cheer.

☞ A very precocious young man, named Isaac, says that "if he is drafted, Abraham will be offering up Isaac as a sacrifice."

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market is dull but steady and firm at previous quotations; some 7000 barrels found buyers at $5@5,12½ for superfine, $5,25@5,50 for extras, $5,75@6,25 for extra family, and $6,50@7 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, including about 1000 bbls. The sales to the trade are moderate within the same range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and selling in a small way at $3,62½@3,75 ₱ bbl. Corn meal is quiet but steady, and Pennsylvania Meal is held at $3,12½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN has been coming in more freely, and for wheat prices are unsettled and rather lower, with sales of 80,000 bushels, mostly for shipment, at $1,25@1,31 for Western and Pennsylvania Reds in store, closing at $1,30@1,35 for Southern do, the latter about, and $1,35@1,50 for White, the latter for choice lots. Rye is also rather lower, with sales of new at 65@70c, the latter for Pennsylvania, and 72@73c for old. Corn is lower and only about 25,000 bushels found buyers at 65@70c for Yellow, closing at the lowest figures for prime lots afloat. Oats are in steady demand, and some 30,000 bushels have been taken at 35@37c for new Southern, and 37@40c for Pennsylvania. Old are scarce and worth 58@60c. Barley and Malt are quiet. A small sale of the latter of poor quality was made at 90c. Mill Feed is in better demand and firm.

PROVISIONS—There is more inquiry for the Hog product, and the market generally is firmer and more active, with a reduced stock of most kinds on sale; about 700 bbls Mess Pork sold at $11½@12¼, as to brand. Beef is steady at $12@15 for Western and City Mess. Bacon is in good request, with further sales of bagged Hams at 10@13c, the latter for fancy cured, 5½@6c for Shoulders, and 6@7c for Sides. Green Meats are scarce, with small sales at 5c for Shoulders, 6@6½c for Sides and 8@8½c for Hams. Lard is in steady demand at 9½@9¾c for bbls and tes, and 9¾@10c for kegs. Butter moves off freely at 9@14c for packed, the latter for choice lots, and 12@14c for Roll. Cheese is wanted at 8@9c ₱ lb. Eggs are scarce, and command 14@15c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—There is little or no demand for this staple; a few small lots, some 200 bales in all, found buyers at irregular prices ranging from 54 to 59c cash.

ASHES—Stocks are light and the market firm, with a limited business doing.

BARK—Quercitron comes in slowly and meets with ready sales at fully former rates; about 100 hhds have been taken at $32 for first No 1, including some of a favorite brand at $33 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark sales are reported at $12@13 for Chestnut, and $14@15 ₱ cord for Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX—There is not much offering, and good Yellow is quoted at 38c ₱ lb, with sales of 2000 lbs at this figure.

COAL—Orders come in freely and the market is firm and moderately active at the advance. Bituminous Coal has advanced. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton, $4,80@4,90; Prepared do $4,80@4,90; Red Ash do $5; Lehigh Lump do $5; Prepared do $5; by retail do $6; Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,75.

COFFEE—There have been no further arrivals, and the market is firm but quiet, with a reduced stock to operate in, and the sales only reach about 700 bags at 21½@22½c for Rio, and 23@23¼c for Laguayra—mostly of the former, on time.

COPPER is inactive, and we have only to note sales of Yellow Metal at 24c, 6 mos, which is steady at the advance.

FEATHERS move off slowly, and are quoted at 38@42c ₱ lb for good western, the latter in a small way.

FRUIT—Of green Fruit the receipts and sales are large at prices ranging from 25 to 75c ₱ basket for Peaches, and $1 to 1,50 ₱ bbl for Apples.

HAY is in steady request, good Timothy selling at 70@75c the 100 lbs.

HEMP—The market is quiet, and the stock nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are dull and moving off as wanted, new selling at 16@20c, and old at about the same rates.

IRON is unchanged, and about 2300 tons Anthracite Pig Metal have been taken at $25,4 months, and $24, cash, for No 1, including 1000 tons Forge at $21@23, cash. For manufactured the inquiry continues active, and prices fully sustained and firm; the demand for fancy Iron being in advance of the supply.

LEAD is firm, and the stock here light, but in New York it is very heavy. A sale of 2000 pigs soft Galena was made in New York, to come here, at 7c, cash, and some Bucks county at 6¾c.

LUMBER is steady, with further sales of White and Yellow Pine Boards within the range of quotations, and Laths at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES continues dull and neglected, and the sales are mostly by auction, including 154 bbls New Orleans at 38@44c, and 200 bbls sour do at 20½@21c, cash.

PLASTER is in demand, and soft readily commands $3 ₱ ton.

RICE is firmer and the stock very light, with small sales of East India at 6¾@6¾c ₱ lb.

SALT is arriving more freely, but holders are firm in their views. About 1000 sacks Liverpool came direct to a dealer, 3250 sacks ground, just arrived, sold at about $1,10, and 1300 sacks Marshall's fine at $1,97½ ₱ sack.

SEEDS are quiet, with but little Clover offering and selling, and we quote it at $4,75@5 ₱ bus, the latter for new. Timothy is selling freely on arrival at $1,50@2 ₱ bus, mostly at the highest figures for prime lots. Flaxseed is worth $1,80@1,90 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in Brandy and Gin, and the market is firm; N E Rum sells slowly at 45@47c; Whiskey is more active, with large sales of bbls at 33c, and Drudge at 31c.

SUGARS are firm, but quiet, with more disposition to operate at the close, and prices ⅛c better; about 350 hhds Cuba sold at 8¾@8¾c on time, and 400 hhds New Orleans, the latter mostly by auction, at 8¾@10⅛c cash.

TALLOW is firm, but inactive at 10¼@10¾c for city, and 9½c for country rendered.

TOBACCO—Stocks are very much reduced and prices firm and on the advance.

WOOL—The market is almost at a stand still and without any material change to note. Among the sales we note 20,000 lbs fine at 56c; 12,000 lbs ¾ blood at 62c; 35,000 lbs Kersey at 67@72½c, and 7000 lbs tub at 77½c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized were from $6 to 8,25 ₱ cwt. 75 Cows brought from $20 to 35 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from $2,50 to 3,25 ₱ head. 350 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,50 ₱ cwt. net.

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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

KOSSUTH AND THE GARIBALDIAN MOVEMENT.—Kossuth's letter to the Italian journals, dated Lausanne, August 28, expresses his strong disapproval of Garibaldi's conduct and advises the Hungarians not to obey his appeal to arms, since the General is not in arms against Austria, but against his own government, with a view to a collision with the Emperor of the French, which would be the ruin of Italy. Kossuth adds:

"His (Garibaldi's) war-cry is, 'Rome or death.' It is with this that he defies the authority of the patriot King of Italy, throws his country into confusion, checks its organization, (which, alas, has already been too much retarded), complicates its finances, compromises its future, risks the horrors of a civil war; and all this for what? To bring about a collision with the Emperor of the French—a collision which would inevitably entail the ruin of Italy. * * No one must be astonished if the good sense of Hungary prefers to wait until a moment when Austria shall be engaged, or in danger of being engaged, upon some point, or, at least, until European conjunctures present to Hungary the possibility of arming itself and ranging itself in battle. Every Italian patriot should rejoice at this determination. Better than any one I know how truly Hungary has resolved to profit by the first occasion which shall present itself for getting free from the Austrian domination."

☞ If one only pauses, now and then, in life's "forced march," to count the numbers who have wearied by the way, of those who brushed with him the morning dews, he feels a sort of terror lest he finish his journey a stranger and alone.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th of July, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. GEORGE TINGLEY, to Miss ELIZABETH MANDLEFF.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM O'NEIL, to Miss ELIZABETH RAY, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr. GEORGE WALLEN, to Miss LIZZIE D. DONNELLY, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN BENTLEY, of Co. D, Blue Reserves, to Miss ANNA E. SEVERIN.

On the 10th of July, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. CHARLES N. BIRNBAUM, to Miss JULIA CLAY, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. HENRY G. VALLIE, to Miss EMMA McKEEVER, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. G. D. Carrow, Mr. GEORGE W. PORCH, to Miss EMMA D. BROOKS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Aug. at Baden Baden, Germany, JOHN BORIE BOHLEN, of this city, son of the late Brigadier-General Henry Bohlen, who fell in action same day on the Rappahannock river, Va.

In Marysville, California, on the 16th ultimo, Mrs. SUSAN HENRIETTA THOM, wife of C. E. Thom, Esq. of Los Angeles, and daughter of Dr. C. A. and Susan R. Hathwell, of Marysville, aged 22 years and 11 months.

On the 16th instant, Miss WILHELMINA L. WILSON, daughter of Captain Henry and Elizabeth Wilson, in her 20th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. CHARLES MCGRATH, in his 46th year.

On the 10th instant, THOMAS D. BEARD, son of Thos. D. and Sarah Beard, in her 26th year.

In Georgetown, D. C., on the 12th instant, CHARLES BOWERS, in his 25th year.

At Princeton, N. J., on the 12th instant, Hon. JOHN R. THOMSON, U. S. Senator from New Jersey.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE TRAVERS, widow of Capt. Fred. Travers, aged 76 years.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS BROLEY, in his 77th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. WILLIAM GALLAGHER, aged 33 years.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of John Neslis, aged 50 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 32 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 27, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	3 dis.
Canada	½ per	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	par	New Hampshire	½ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to ½ dis.
Florida	— dis.	N. Y. City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	1 dis.	North Carolina	15 dis.
Indiana	4 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	1 dis.	Ohio	¼ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to ¼ dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	40 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	2 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	1½ dis.	Virginia	45 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	2 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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THE CONFESSIONS AND EXPERIENCE OF AN INVALID.—Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of Self Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a post paid addressed envelope, *single copies* may be had of the author,

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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-eowly

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Wit and Humor.

ONE OF 'EM.

An odd-looking person joined the passengers on the New York and Erie Railroad the other day, at a distant western station. When he entered the spacious car, he looked round in utter amazement at its extent, and the comfort and elegance of its accommodations. And now he began to talk to himself, which he continued "by the way" until the cars arrived at Piermont. "Wall," he commenced, "this is what they call 'a car,' eh? Wal, it's the biggest bildin *I* ever see on wheels! Thunder a-n-d *light*-nin'! how we do skit away?"

In this way he ran on, staring round, and talking *at* everybody, and finding nobody to talk *to*. At length he saw his man. A solemn-visaged person, with a "choke" tied at that exact point where "ornament is only not strangulation," a straight-collared coat and a flat, broad brimmed hat, sitting on a distant seat, "caught the speaker's eye."

"Hollo, Dominie! Be *you* there? Goin' down to York? How do they do down to L——? How's Mr. Williams gittin' on now? Pooty fore-handed, ain't he? Where be *you* goin'? Goin' to preach in 'York? Ain't goin' to Californy, be you? Didn't know but you *might* be; almost everybody seems to be goin' there now."

As soon as there was sufficient pause in this avalanche of unanswered queries, the grave passenger replied—

"Yes, I *am* on my way to California."

"Lord-a-massy, you *ain't* though, be ye? You ain't 'gin up *preachin'*, hev ye? 'Pears to me I wouldn't; I was to camp-meetin' when you telled your experience and strugglin'. You had the dreadfullest hard time gittin' ligiont, 'at ever *I* see in *my* life! Seems to me, a'ter so much trouble, I wouldn't give it up so. None o' *my* business, though, o' course. So, goin' to get gold, eh?"

As soon as the roars of laughter, which now filled the car, had subsided, the grave gentleman explained that deeming California a fruitful field for missionary labor he had determined to go forth as a pioneer in the good work, and he was therefore to sail from New York in three days for San Francisco.

A MAGNIFICENT LOTTERY SCHEME.

The Davenport (Iowa) News thus parodies the impending draft in very droll style:—

"The Great Consolidated American Lottery —Every Fifth Ticket a Prize—To take place on the Third Day of Sept. proximo, under the Immediate Patronage of the United States Government—A. Lincoln, Manager—E. M. Stanton, Superintendent.

"The managers and directors of the Great Consolidated American Lottery take pleasure in announcing that they have so far completed their arrangements that they can assure the public no further delay will be imposed upon them, but that the drawing will positively come off on the 3d of Sept. prox.

"Great pains have been taken to have this drawing conducted in a fair and honorable manner, and to this end a commissioner to superintend the drawing has been appointed by the government for each county.

"It will be seen that every fifth ticket will be sure to draw a prize, valuable, inasmuch as every prize entitles the holder to a splendid fowling-piece, game-bag (knapsack some call it), a pair of blankets and a full suit of clothing, and a due-bill of the association for nine months' board.

"To prevent grumbling and dissatisfaction, the association will guarantee a prize ticket to any individual. Many eccentric persons have expressed a hope that they may draw a blank. The association assures such individuals that nothing of the kind will be winked at. If the ticket entitles them to a prize they must accept it, even if they have no use for the articles. Some of them will be handy to have in the house.

"Offering such brilliant inducements, the managers cannot but think the proposed scheme must prove a success; at least they will give it a fair trial, and if it works well, may in a short time offer another opportunity for our citizens to invest."

TAKING THE OATH.—While our army was making its steady progress down the valley into Virginia, a farmer came with a load of *truck* to sell for Uncle Sam's gold, which was always quite as good in rebeldom as at home. He was told that he could not trade there unless he was ready to "swear"—that is, take the oath of allegiance. Not understanding the term, but supposing it to be taken literally, the old man opened his mouth and swore terribly. He put the bad words in front of the names of Jeff. Davis, Wise, Floyd, Letcher, and every rebel, big and little, he could put his tongue to; he swore till it looked blue all about him, and at last, out of breath, he asked "if that would do?" It was "taken and deemed" to be sufficient evidence of his loyalty, and he was allowed to dispose of his vegetables.

PAT'S THANKSGIVING.—At a recent fire in Fall River two Irish laborers, who had behaved gallantly in attempting to subdue the flames, were caught in a dangerous predicament; one gable of the house fell in, and that under which they were standing, tottered over them. The younger one attempted to fly from the spot, but was overtaken by the burning ruin, and seriously injured. The other seeing an open door in the base of the hall, darted through it, and emerged safe on the other side. His employer, next day, commenting on his escape, said he should return thanks to Providence for his preservation. "Och, thin," says Dermot, scratching his head very slowly, "sure I do be thankful to Providence, and I think it was very merciful to me, sir, but, sir, *wasn't I mighty cute myself?*"

PRESERVING THE CONSTITUTION.—Among the incidents attending the operations of the celebrated Mackerilville Brigade at or near the Seat of War is the following, recounted by the historiographer extraordinary of the corps, Mr. Kerr. It seems that just at the moment when the Conic Section was proceeding to make a "masterly movement,"

"An aged chap came dashing down from a First Family country seat near by, and says he to the General of the Mackerel Brigade:

"'I demand a guard for my premises immediately. My wife,' says he, with dignity, 'has just been making a custard-pie for the sick Confederacies in the hospital, and as she has just set it out to cool near where my little boy shot one of your Vandals this morning, she is afraid it might be taken by your thieving mudsills when they come after the body. I, therefore, demand a guard for my premises in the name of the Constitution of our forefathers.'

"Here Capt. Bob Shorty stepped forward, and says he:

"'What does the Constitution say about custard-pie, Mr. Davis?'

"The aged chap spat at him, and says he:

"'I claim protection under that clause which refers to the pursuit of happiness. Custard-pies,' says he, reasoningly, 'are included in the pursuit of happiness.'

"'That's very true,' says the General, looking kindly over his fan at the venerable petitioner. 'Let a guard be detailed to protect this good old man's premises. We are fighting for the Constitution, not against it.'

"A guard was detailed, my boy, with orders to make no resistance if they were fired upon occasionally from the windows of the house; and then Capt. Brown pushed forward with what was left of Company 3, to engage the Confederacy on the edge of Duck Lake supported by the Orange County Howitzers."

GETTING OVER A DIFFICULTY.—A class which graduated not over a thousand years ago, embraced among its members one Tom Elliott, an incorrigible wag, who was not noted for any particular and marked attention to his studies. Mathematics was a particular object of Tom's disregard, and this cost him an occasional *jeu d' esprit* with the dry professor of conics. On one occasion, the professor, during the recitation, asked Tom to explain the horizontal parallax of the sun.

Tom replied: "I don't know how."

"But," said the professor, "suppose you were appointed by the government to ascertain it—what would you do?"

"I'd resign," gravely responded Tom, amid the convulsive laughter of the class, and even the professor actually perpetrated a grin.

HE HAD 'EM.—A couple of idle fellows strolled into a colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since, to enjoy the fun, but when the colored minister rose up to preach, before announcing his text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around on his congregation.

"Bredren," says he, at length, "may de Lor' hab mercy on all de scoffers."

A long pause.

"May de Lor' hab mercy on all de laffers."

Solemn pause.

"May de Lor' hab mercy on de peanut-eaters by de door."

The young men did not wait to hear the sermon.

THIRST WORSE THAN HUNGER.—The disturbance to the general system which is known by the name of raging thirst is far more terrible than that of starvation, for this reason: during the abstinence from food, the organism can live upon its own substance; but during the abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks; but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere,) is perhaps a limit of endurance. This is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants; it is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of shipwrecks paint fearful pictures of suffering from thirst; and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole of Calcutta.—*Blackwood.*

HOW THE DUKE OF CHANDOS GOT A WIFE.—A modern biographical work says:—"Riding along the road he saw a drunken groom of a neighboring nobleman unmercifully beating his wife, who was a young creature, and whose situation and appearance much interested the duke. The man was not disposed to acquiesce in the remonstrances made against his cruelty, so nothing remained but for the duke to buy the man's wife from him, which he accordingly did. He was a little puzzled to know what to do with his purchase, but in the meanwhile sent her to an excellent school, where she turned out a very apt scholar. In a short time the husband died of drink from the money he had received for his wife. The duchess, the second duchess of Chandos, also soon died. The duke married his purchase, who became an excellent and exemplary character as his third wife and duchess."

THE HOUSE OF A CARRIAGE MAKER.—The ruling passion is strong in most men, and the ruling passion of Mr. Hatchett was carriage building. Thus, he built his house like a carriage, without any fixed staircase. While it was building he went in and out by the ladders and folding steps; and when it was finished he found that a staircase was needed, and that there was no space to make it. So he bought a small house in an adjoining back street, and made an unsightly stair with an entrance door very like that of a watch-house.

THE PRESENT CHARMING FASHION OF LONG SKIRTS.

Honestly, now—which of the two ought to apologize to the other.

COMING OF AGE.

Why a youth is said to be "of age" when 21 years old very few can tell, except "so saith the law." In the early periods of English history a child was considered to be of age and a man when he was able to bear arms and protect himself. But this period varied at different times, depending very much on the character of the arms in use. At first these were light and easily handled, and then the time of coming of age was fixed at 12 years. After the Teutons were brought into collision with the well-armed Romans, a child of this age was of little use in battle, and the period of coming of age was fixed at 15 years. And when heavier armor was introduced, it was further extended to 21 years. An Anglo-Saxon child became entitled to the possession of his property at 10 years of age, but he could not deal with it until he was 15, and this was the age at which the Anglo-Saxons, at least at the later period of their history, were declared to have attained their majority.

If we were to be guided by the principle of the precedents, our young men should be regarded as of age when 18, inasmuch as they are then liable to military duty.

WHAT LIFE IS.—Sadness comes with "pallid cheek and hollow eye" accompanying all our successes and triumphs.

From my scrap-book I select the following lines as applicable to the young men fallen in battle, and hope it may help to sooth the sorrow stricken. I give it as I find it, not knowing the author:—

LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk—doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and scar.
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die at night:
It was the plant and flower of light;
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

E. E.

THE SINS OF OTHERS.—The cynics insist upon it that all the world is selfish, and every son of Adam occupied only with himself. How absurd is this theory! Just observe with what solicitude and concern we all watch the sins and faults of other people! how anxious we are to secure their reform! What pains we undertake to bring them to repentance! We never hear a sermon that we do not generously turn it over to an erring brother; we never hear a wise axiom that we do not mentally apply it to a sinful sister. We go about lamenting the habits and sinful weaknesses of our neighbors, and are in such despair because of the sins and vices of society, that nothing consoles us but the balm of our own virtues.

SMELLS AND SOUNDS THE SAME THING.—A scientific Frenchman has discovered a *gamut of odors!* He has arranged forty-six simple essences according to what may be called their tones, and he finds that concord and discord are produced as in music. Rose and geranium, for instance, says the Literary Budget, which has "verified this curious fact," are both C; smelt together, you at once discern that these two perfumes have the same tone, rose being an octave higher than the other. The same is true of orris and calamus, of almond and violet. There is perhaps something, after all, in the blind man's idea, that the scarlet color must be like the sound of a trumpet!

WELL SAID.—Said an infidel lady once to Lord Chesterfield, "The British Parliament consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom. What, then, can be the reason they tolerate such an absurdity as the Christian religion?"

"I suppose," replied his lordship, "it is because they have not been able to substitute anything better in its stead; when they can, I do not doubt that, in their wisdom, they will readily adopt it."

And Lord Chesterfield, with all his sayings, never said a better thing.

☞ An excellent grammarian gives it as a reason why a blow leaves a blue mark, that blow in the imperfect makes blew.

THINGS WORTH FORGETTING.—It is almost frightful, and altogether humiliating, to think how much there is in the common ongoing of domestic and social life which deserves nothing but to be instantly and forever forgotten. Yet it is equally amazing how large a class seem to have no other business but to repeat and perpetuate these very things. That is the vocation of gossips,—an order of society that perpetuates more mischief than all the combined plagues of Egypt together. You may have noticed how many speeches there are which become mischievous only by being heard a second time; and what an army of both sexes are sworn to see to it, that the fatal repetition shall be had. Blessed is that man or woman that can let drop all the burrs and thistles, instead of picking them up, and fastening them on to the next passenger! Would we only let the vexing and malicious saying die, how fast the lacerated and scandal ridden world would get healed and tranquillized.—*Dr. Huntington.*

☞ Jacob Jones was elected Sheriff last fall. Jones was very pompous, very complacent, and very proud of the honor. His neighbors called to see him. "Approach," said he, "Approach very near; though I am Sheriff elect, I feel that I am still one of you."

Agricultural.

A GOOD THING FOR THE FLOWER GARDEN.—The present passion for bedding-plants is causing a good many plants, formerly confined to glass-houses, to be tried in the open air, from spring frost to fall frost. Among these we have seen the *Calceolaria*, and *Gaillardia picta*, planted out in the open ground this summer, and the *Mimulus*, and the Dusty Miller Geranium, and even the Egyptian Lily in moist, shady places.

In our own garden, we have tried the Brugmansias, for two years, and find them exceeding our expectations. This is the old family of *Datura*, changed to *Brugmansia*. Any one can raise the plants from cuttings, which strike quite readily. For immediate and effective show, the main reliance must be on large plants. Having such an one, select an open spot on the lawn, cut out a circular bed, three or feet in diameter, and enrich it with old manure. Set the plant from its pot into the centre, and tie to a firm stake. By mid-summer, it will make a grand sight, and will give pleasure by its show of an abundance of blossoms all summer long.

There are several sorts, more or less desirable. *Brugmansia Knightii* is our favorite. The flowers are pure white, tubular, often six or eight inches long, and delicately fragrant. B. *sanguinea* has flowers white and green. B. *floribunda* is orange-colored. As soon as frosts come, re-pot the plants, cut back the tops considerably, and set away in a cool corner of the green-house, or in the cellar. Treat them in all respects like the common scarlet geranium.—*American Agriculturalist.*

THE ELM TREE WORM.—A successful mode of eradicating these pests would seem to have been discovered in Connecticut. A few years since, New Haven, very properly designated "the Elm City," bid fair to lose its right to the cognomen, by the total destruction of its elms, so completely were they overrun and stripped annually by the worms. The authorities, however, very wisely took under their charge all the trees, whether before private property or in the public parks and grounds, and commenced a uniform plan for their protection. Around each tree was placed a bandage of fine straw, so arranged as to present a bristling barrier to the upward march of the worms; above this a leaden trough was placed, surrounding the tree, which was filled with oil and furnished with a projecting roof of the same metal. If any of the worms succeeded in surmounting the barrier of straw, they were caught in the oil, and care was taken to have all so caught regularly taken out and killed, so as to leave the trap clear. The effect of these precautionary measures seems to have been to eradicate the worms almost entirely, and the noble elms of New Haven never appeared to better advantage than at the present time.

FANCY AND PREJUDICE IN REGARD TO CATTLE.—The Mark Lane Express makes some remarks on this subject which are deserving of attention on this side of the water. "It is amusing," says the Express, "to see with what enthusiasm the advocates of a particular breed will sometimes carry out their fancies in support of their favorites, when they will not allow themselves to distinguish merit in animals of any other class, oftentimes when there is evident superiority in the latter. Under the powerful dominion of fashion's sway, there are men who will too frequently permit themselves to be influenced beyond all propriety. When we perceive animals laying on fat in patches approximating to deformities, how can we reconcile those protuberances with that beauty of outline and elegance of proportion indispensable with true symmetry? These patchy protuberances are deposits of fat, which have accumulated from over-feeding, not only of the animal exhibiting them, but also of his progenitors; thus it becomes an inheritance most desirable to be dispensed with. Moreover, such 'beauty spots' do not consist of healthy fat; for it is in a sort of condensed condition to which adipose cartilage might not be an inappropriate term."

THE FECUNDITY OF WEEDS.—It is calculated that a single pigweed, if left undisturbed, will ripen more than 10,000 seeds, each capable of producing a successor. The seeds of the dock sometimes number over 13,000 on a single plant, and the toad flax leaves provision for more than 45,000 plants the following year. Burdock will multiply 21,000 fold, and the common stinging nettle ripens 100,000 seeds. Scarcely a weed comes to maturity without scattering from 1,000 to 10,000 or more seeds, to injure crops and annoy the cultivator.

THE HOG CHOLERA.—A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead says the hogs are dying by the thousand in his neighborhood. No remedy has been found, but it has been observed that hogs around blacksmith shops, where they have access to the cinders, have entirely escaped. There can be no doubt that pigs should at all times have access to coal or wood ashes, charcoal, salt, &c.

Useful Receipts.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.—The famous Mustang liniment, which has received such a high reputation for curing sprains and chilblains, is composed of petroleum, aqua ammonia and brandy, mixed together in equal parts by measure. Refined petroleum is very excellent for mild chilblains without the admixture of any other ingredient, but the mixture with ammonia and brandy is more stimulating. It is applied by gentle rubbing. The human hand slightly warmed before a fire, is the best agent.

TO OBTAIN FRESH BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve such as are latest in blowing and ready to open, cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer; and they will keep without corrupting. In winter, or at any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre or salt have been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors and breathe their agreeable odors.

BIRD'S NEST PUDDING.—Make the foundation of the nest of blancmange, or calf's foot jelly, or prepared corn; rasp the skin of 3 lemons and preserve it; then lay it round and on the mange like the straw; take out the contents of 4 eggs through a small hole, and fill the shell with hot blancmange, or prepared corn; when cold, break off the shells and lay mange in the nest. A beautiful dessert.

DELICIOUS APPLE PUDDING.—Very convenient, as it may be made several hours before it is baked, or when a nice addition is wanted unexpectedly. Pare and chop fine 1 a dozen or more, according to their size, of the best cooking apples; grease a pudding dish, cover the bottom and sides ¼ an inch thick with grated bread, and very small lumps of butter; then put a layer of apples with sugar and nutmeg, and repeat the layer, which must be of bread and butter; pour over the whole a tea-cup of cold water. Put into the oven as soon as the dinner is served, and bake it 25 or 30 minutes. It may be baked the day before it is wanted; when it must be heated thoroughly, turned into a shallow dish, and sprinkled with powdered sugar. It requires no sauce.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH TOMATOES.—Wash 2 or 3 lbs. of cutlets and season them with salt and pepper. Have some lard and butter hot in a pan; put them in and fry brown on both sides. When done, take it up on a plate. Have ready ½ peck of tomatoes; drain and season them with pepper and salt. Pour the tomatoes into the pan with the gravy and stir them well together. Pour them over the cutlets, and serve.

NONPAREIL PUDDING.—Make a custard with the yolks of 4 eggs; let it cool. Beat up the whites very stiff; have ready a pan of boiling water; take a skimmer and put in slices of the egg just long enough to harden; put them on a sieve till cold; lay them on the custard; serve.

☞ Lindley Murray, the grammarian, was born in Pennsylvania in 1745, but resided abroad more than forty years.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.

My 15, 43, 5, 18, 24, 42, 5, is one of the wonders of America.
My 19, 12, 6, 3, 42, was one of the Apostles.
My 13, 50, 43, 44, 52, 14, is better than riches.
My 3, 30, 15, 47, 37, is desired by many.
My 5, 18, 30, 33, 53, is what families should strive to do.
My 2, 47, 42, 51, is sometimes used as a signal.
My 40, 8, 41, 22, 35, 11, is what some young ladies would like to be.
My 44, 42, 33, 52, 1, is a kind of fish.
My 53, 11, 3, 4, 50, 18, 2, 6, is a great blessing.
My 35, 32, 23, 40, 12, 8, 41, 48, 46, 31, should be practiced in everything.
My 16, 30, 13, 16, 51, 18, was a celebrated writer.
My 5, 23, 53, 42, 50, 46, 5, is the exiles of Paradise.
My 40, 42, 28, 23, 16, 39, 41, 21, should be held sacred.
My 23, 31, 46, 2, 5, 17, 43, 46, 39, are an honor to their country.
My 29, 30, 7, 34, 9, is a weight.
My 45, 33, 10, 39, 49, is used by bakers.
My 27, 2, 26, 8, 49, 25, is a number.
My 36, 42, 14, 21, 39, is the name of a paper.
My 32, 5, 23, is a nick-name.
My 12, 9, 26, 49, 38, 30, 39, are often complimented.

My whole is a toast to which all readers of the Post will cheerfully respond.

R. H. W.

CHARADE.

My first your blood in secret draws;
My second chokes you in his paws;
But though you must beware of either,
Both may be laughed at when together.

CHARADE.

My first is a fruit in much vogue;
My second plain, oblong, and round;
May my whole in each abode
At Christmas time ever be found.

ORIGINAL PROBLEMS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A conical glass whose depth is 12, and diameter at the top 10 inches, is ⅔ full of water, and into which is placed upright a heavy Ellipsoid whose axis are 6 and 4 inches. How much higher will the water rise?

Second—Required the dimensions of a similar Ellipsoid that when similarly placed shall just be covered by the above quantity of water?

Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.

PUZZLE.

From 6 you take 9, and from 9 take 10, then from 40 take 50, and 6 will remain.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What living creature has a beard without a chin? Ans.—An oyster.

☞ Why is a Java snail like a parrot gun? Ans.—He carries a conical shell.

☞ Who was the distinguished French author whose very name contains a moral lesson for his countrymen? Ans.—B. Constant.

☞ Why is a man who beats his wife like a thorough-bred animal? Ans.—Because he's a perfect brute.

☞ When is a fellow's eye like a barrel? Ans.—When it's bunged up.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Union must and shall be preserved. RIDDLE—Wood.—DOUBLE REBUS—Ellsworth, a noble man. (Encyclopædia, Learn, Lo, Swab, Well, Ordnance, Reform, Tetrandia, Hangman.)

Answer to RHOMBOIDICAL PROBLEM by Augustus, published August 6th—1st side 150 perches—2d side 228.6 perches—3d side 198 perches—4th side 236.1 perches. G. P. H.
Rome, Ind.

Answer to my MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM, published July 26th. The sides of the meadow measure 68, 92 and 115 perches.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, published June 28th. 1st series 5.25.125.625—780—2d series 4.16.64.256.1024—1364.
Also to his TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM. Sides 50 and 80—30 degrees, 53 minutes, 10 seconds, and 73 degrees, 44 minutes, 20 seconds.
Plumb Brook, Mo. JACOB HOFF.

Answer to PROBLEM by W. P. Corey, published Aug. 16th. The ball will move 320.2158782 feet to hit the squirrel, and the squirrel will be 2.738612 seconds in falling to the ground, supposing him to fall 16 feet the first second.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

Distance end of gun to squirrel 229 feet 8 inches. The rest of answer same as above.
Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION the same date. Henry receives 25 apples. James 18.
R. J. M.

Answer to Daniel Diefenbach's PROBLEM, published Aug. 23d is the distance of A, C—130 perches, and C, B—80 perches.
Baltimore. E. HAGERTY.
Also answered by Artemas Martin.

Answer to American ENIGMA, Historical and Geographical. The struggle of our forefathers for their independence, decided July 4th, 1776.
Alton, Ill. DAVID ROBINSON.

Answer to Wm. Totten's BIBLICAL ENIGMA in the Post of July 23d. "Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not."
Rev. RICHARDSON VASEY.
Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ills.

☞ A sagacious philosopher has found in the fact that there are three times as many muscles to draw the mouth up as there are to draw it down, a rule that we should laugh just three times as much as we cry. Even in war times this proportion in labial muscles does not seem to be altered; and the crack of a joke seems as much in place as the crack of a rifle.

☞ Would it not be well to establish a camp of instruction for Generals?

☞ Does a horse "go to grass" when he's turned into a field?